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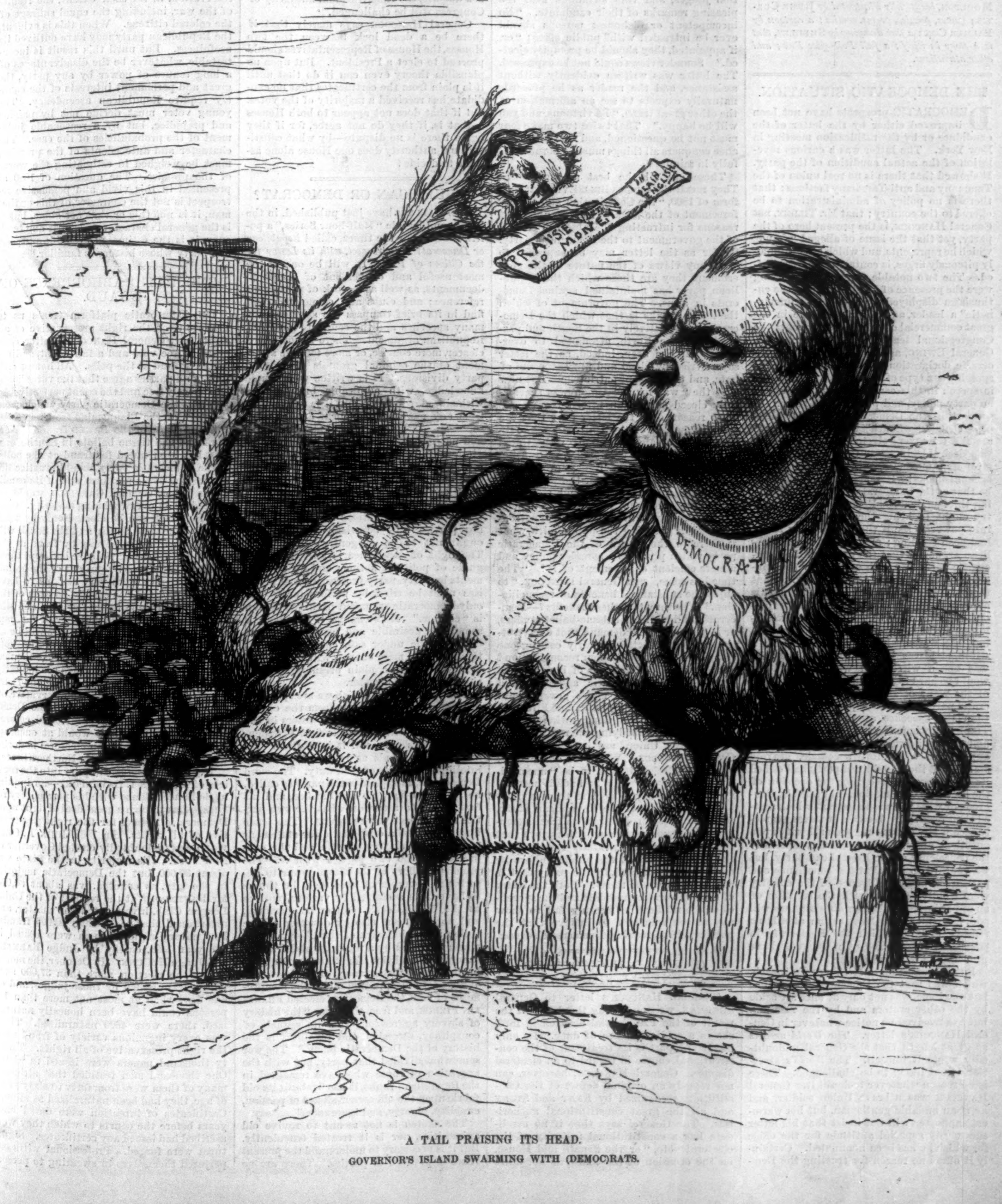

PRAISE
NO MONEY
IN PLAIN ENGLISH
DEMOCRAT

A TAIL PRAISING ITS HEAD.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND SWARMING WITH (DEMOC)RATS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, August 21, 1880.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

Harper's Young People *No.* 41, *issued August* 10, *contains Chapter Eleven of "The Moral Pirates," in which the boys have a serious encounter with tramps, illustrated; the August paper on "Easy Botany"; a Russian story, by* David Ker; *Chapter Five of* Lossing's "*Story of the American Navy," illustrated; "The 'Boss' Fish," one of* W. O. Stoddard's *charming and instructive stories, beautifully illustrated; "Why Pickle Gave the German Teacher a Present," a story of an American school and the Franco-Prussian war; Letter No.* 3 *from Bessie Maynard to her doll Clytemnestra, illustrated; "The Greedy Little Mouse," a story for young readers; a page of Jingles, by* Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, *beautifully illustrated by* Jessie Curtis; *games, puzzles, poems, comics; a cartoon by* Palmer Cox; *a fine drawing by* Smedley, *that is a story in itself; a full Post-office Box; and other attractions.*

THE DEMOCRATIC SITUATION.

DEMOCRATIC prospects have not been improved either by the letter of the candidate or by the ratification meeting in New York. The latter was a curious revelation of the actual condition of the party. It showed that there is no real union of the Tammany and anti-Tammany factions; that there is no policy of administration to be offered to the country; that Mr. Tilden, not General Hancock, is the present hero of the party, yet that the issue of alleged "fraud" which he represents, and which he continnally piteously urges, is contemptuously rejected. The two notable facts of the meeting were the presence of Mr. Tilden and the enthusiasm displayed for so wholly "unmagnetic" a leader, and the appearance in the great commercial city of the continent of the Congressional leader of wild-cat finance, General Ewing, as the advocate of a Democratic declaration for sound money. His speech was a type of the necessary Democratic speech in this campaign. It announced no party policy, and proposed no reason for supporting the Democratic candidates except that "the South" would be "conciliated" if they were elected, and that change was desirable in order that somebody else than Republicans should see the national account-books! His argument seemed to be that as the Democrats had been long crying thief against the Republicans, the country ought to bring the Democratic party into power to see if the Republicans really had been stealing; and he met the Republican argument that the record of the Democratic party was such as to show the danger of trusting it with power, by saying that the only way to test the correctness of this apprehension is to trust it and see! General Ewing's policy is that of the old witch-hunters. They threw the suspected person into the water. If she floated, she was a witch, and was burned; if she sank, she was not a witch, and was drowned. It would be hard to find more conclusive proof of the want of any purpose in the Democratic party, except the possession of place, than the speeches at this meeting. Mr. Tilden, in whom there is no sense of humor, and whose infirmity must have made his appearance a painful spectacle, gravely stated that the Republican party had stifled its conscience in accepting the decision of the Electoral Commission, confirmed by Congress, of which it was the agent, which seated the President. We can, however, scarcely accept Mr. Tilden as good authority upon questions of political conscience, especially the conscience of the Republican party, but we venture to say that the conscience and patriotism and intelligence of the country were wholly satisfied with the solution of an appalling difficulty—a difficulty, we will add, for which the Constitution affords no remedy, and for which the Democrats, in possession of both Houses of Congress, have proposed no relief whatever.

But the assertion of Mr. Tilden's speech, which was that the Democratic party has but one issue, was not only at once set aside by the other orators and by the meeting, but has received no notice whatever in General Hancock's letter. The *World* asserts at great length that the General undoubtedly wrote it himself. The *World's* assertion is not likely to be challenged. There is no reason whatever to doubt it. General Hancock was a brave Union soldier, and he is an amiable gentleman, but his warmest supporter will not insist that his letter shows any especial aptitude for the office for which he has been nominated. Certainly it offers no reason for trusting the Democratic rather than the Republican party, which is the sole issue of the election. The letter has a certain child-like innocence. It is a smooth statement of truisms and elementary political doctrines held by all intelligent Americans. That "the Constitution forms the basis of the government of the United States," and that the general and local governments, each acting within its local sphere, constitute the Union, are impregnable propositions. That no government will fulfill its functions if corruptly or unlawfully administered, is equally incontestable. There is no reason whatever, thus far, to doubt that the candidate wrote his own letter. "It is only by a full vote, free ballot, and fair count that the people can rule in fact." "When fraud, violence, and incompetence control, the noblest constitutions and wisest laws are useless." We hope that the Ku-Klux, the White Leagues, the Night Riders, the shot-gun politicians, the tissue-ballot stuffers, the agents of the Mississippi plan, and the whole worshipful company of bulldozers, Democratic naturalization judges, and vote swindlers hear the pleasing remarks of their candidate. "No incompetent or dishonest persons should ever be intrusted with" public office; "or, if appointed, they should be promptly ejected." Sounder views could not be expressed. The letter was written evidently without assistance, and the reader as he proceeds naturally expects to see an affirmation of the other great truth, "Be virtuous, and you will be happy." That twice two make four must not be questioned, and that perseverance conquers all things must be borne carefully in mind.

These are all the best of sentiments. They recall the famous Bell-Everett platform of 1860, "the Constitution and the enforcement of the laws." But they are not reasons for intrusting the absolute control of the government to the Democratic party. So far as the letter may be supposed to state any views of the nature of the government, they are those which the Republican party has maintained against Democrats in arms. The government of which the letter speaks is that which the Democratic party, actively in the South and passively in the North, attempted to overthrow. It has been, indeed, as the letter says, "tried by blood and fire"—the fire of hate, and the blood of patriotism. But now that the "war for the Union was successfully closed more than fifteen years ago," what reason does the letter offer that the party of hatred of the Union, however repentant, is a safer guardian of the Union than the party of patriotism? Granting that the questions of to-day are mainly those of administration, for the purpose of maintaining justice and equal rights, of completing and securing a sound financial situation, of correcting the abuses of patronage, and of guarding the public faith, what is there in the record of the Democratic party which promises a sounder policy and a more efficient enforcement of it? "The time has come," says General Hancock, "to enjoy the substantial benefits of reconciliation." Who threatens these benefits?—Democratic bulldozers and tissue-ballot stuffers, or Republicans who demand that every voter shall be protected in fairly casting one free ballot? What hinders reconciliation?—the Republican demands of honest equal rights, or the Democratic assertion that this shall be a white man's government? "The Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, embodying the results of the war for the Union, are inviolable," says General Hancock. Who ever doubted it? Who ever declared them to be "unconstitutional and void"? Who finds it necessary at this late day to declare them inviolable? Certainly not the Republican party, and how do such declarations from Democrats and Democratic candidates prove that they will be more faithfully respected, or the present needs of the public welfare be more surely promoted, by the party that is compelled to make them? Both the letter of the Democratic candidate and the speeches at the ratification meeting fail to show any reason whatever to believe that the public welfare requires Democratic success.

GENERAL HANCOCK TO GENERAL SHERMAN.

General Hancock's letter to General Sherman, written during the doubt of the result of the Presidential election in 1876, shows a soldierly sense of duty. Its only important part is its treatment of the constitutional course in regard to an electoral dispute. General Hancock, however, can not remedy an original defect of the Constitution, recognized by Kent and Story and all the great constitutional authorities. The General says that if no candidate has a constitutional majority of the electoral vote, "or the Senate and House, on the occasion of the count, do not unite in declaring some person legally elected by the people, there is a lawful machinery already provided to meet that contingency."

But this is the very point at issue, and no commentator and no eminent statesman and no Congress has agreed with General Hancock's assumption. The Constitution says only, "The person having the greatest number of votes for President shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have such majority, then from the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately by ballot the President." That is all. Beyond that everything is conjecture and theory. General Hancock says: "Some tribunal must decide whether the people have duly elected a President. I presume, of course," etc. Precisely. But it is mere presumption. The Constitution has created no tribunal. Congress has exercised the power when it has not been disputed; but whenever there is a dispute, the constitutional authority of Congress will be challenged.

General Hancock says merely that if there be a dead lock between the two Houses, the House of Representatives should proceed to elect a President. But upon no plausible theory even can it do that until it is plain from the certificates that no candidate has received a majority of the votes. Yet if that does not appear to both Houses—that is, if they do not agree, for if they agree there is no dispute—by what constitutional authority does one House alone assume to decide?

REPUBLICAN OR DEMOCRAT?

The Harpers have just published, in the handy and legible "Half-hour Series," a political study for the times, called *Republican or Democrat? a Retrospect, with its Lesson for the Citizen of* 1880. It will be one of the most useful and convenient of campaign documents, as well as a work of permanent reference; and clubs and committees will find in its brief compass the substance of many speeches and the complete historical Republican argument. There is nowhere a clearer, more concise, or more forcible statement of the original grounds of existing party divisions. It is written with ample knowledge, with admirable brevity, and with singular lucidity, and it is wholly free from any mere partisan heat or unworthy sophism. Its tone is that of statesmanship and patriotism, but it is full of earnest conviction. There is no better practical treatment than this little work furnishes of the constant assertion that the war is over. That can not be denied; but it does not follow that the causes and consequences of the war, and the relations to them of existing parties, may be wisely forgotten, or ought not to be diligently remembered. The light of experience is still the safest guide of political action; and in governments by party, party professions and promises must be tried by performance. The only Democratic argument in this campaign is "change." Mere change, it is argued, is sometimes desirable and necessary. That may be true under safe conditions. But the benefit of mere change will not be evident when it is a plain presumption that change involves disaster.

The little work of which we are speaking begins with a calculation from the census that there will be 2,000,000 of voters in the country who will cast their first Presidential vote this year, and it is to them that our author appeals as responsible for the intelligent exercise of their duty. The word Democratic, as applied to the party so called, he shows to have no significance, and his first aim is to ascertain what the two parties now respectively represent. This leads him at once to a crisp and clear statement of the whole slavery dispute, and the connection of the two parties with it. The prolonged effort of the slave power to absorb the government absolutely he thinks to have been sustained by various motives at the North, local, commercial, personal, and partisan, but also by devotion to the Union as the bulwark of the liberty of the white race, and by a regard, which had the sanctity of tradition, for Washington's exhortation to forbearance. But when the Whig party disappeared under the compromises of 1850, the Democrats elected Franklin Pierce, and from that time "the history of slavery aggression, with its sequels of conspiracy, secession, and rebellion, is the history of the Democratic party." The war somewhat divided that party, but with the exception of those who have remained in the Republican ranks, it has "rebuilt its old fabric upon the old corner-stones of passion, cupidity, bigotry, and ignorance."

The sketch is not meant to revive old animosities, nor is it treated truculently. But it is necessary to understand the present relative position of parties. There are no new issues, but the old parties remain, and so long as "the South" is "solid" it is essential to watch and guard. If "the South" seeks no sectional advantage which it supposes the rest of the country would not grant, why is it "solid"? As it avows nothing, we are left reasonably to surmise the common hope, or purpose, or sentiment. The author then states that the hope of the masses of "the South" is probably some recognition of their share in the war as no less honorable than that of the North; the eventual assumption of their debt in some form; the re-imbursement of their expenditure; the pensioning of their soldiers; compensation for losses; and the political nullity of the colored citizens, while they still count in the basis of representation. If, however, the solidity of "the South" is due not to any formulated purpose, but merely to resentment, is that a good reason for intrusting the government to its control? The attitude of "the South" forces upon every voter, whether he will or not, the question whether it accepts cheerfully and without reservation, in all their extent, the results of the war, including the equal suffrage of the colored citizens. When this is evident, the Republican party may have outlived its usefulness. But until this result is incontestable, whatever be the disadvantages of a long tenure of power by any party, the great and permanent interests of the country require Republican ascendency. The young voter must decide not by passion and prejudice, but by a reasonable judgment of the probabilities of the case. The character and antecedents of the promiser must be weighed in estimating the worth of the promise. The question of 1880 as presented in this vivid and persuasive retrospect is not the character of this or that man, it is not this or that act alone, but it is the general character and spirit and tendency, it is the estimated probable purpose, of a party whose history is familiar.

DEMOCRATIC ABHORRENCE OF FRAUD.

The Democratic platform treats us to rhetoric upon the right preservative of all rights, and General Hancock's letter celebrates a free vote and a fair count, and denounces fraud at the polls. All honest citizens of all parties agree that the vote should be perfectly free and the count perfectly fair. But it is the Democratic party which, from the days of the Plaquemine frauds in Louisiana to those of the Tweed frauds in New York and the tissue ballots in South Carolina, has been noted for fraud at the polls. If the Democratic party should practice the professions of its platform and of its candidate's letter, General Garfield would be elected by an overwhelming majority. General Hancock can be elected only by what is called the solid South, and the South will have been made solid only by fraud at the polls. In 1876, when violence had kept thousands of Republican votes out of the ballot-box, Democrats were very zealous to have the vote counted "as cast." In each of the States of Louisiana, South Carolina, and Mississippi a considerable majority of the population is colored. In each there will be an immense Democratic majority of the vote "as cast." Those who believe that the majority of voters in those States are honestly Democratic are not many; and if the Democratic outrage of the right preservative of all rights were prevented, and the Democratic terror both upon white and colored voters were removed, it would at once appear that the Republican electoral majority would not be confined to the Northern States.

The late Democratic inquiry into the services of Mr. John I. Davenport—an inquiry made in accordance with his peremptory request—has thrown a great deal of light upon Democratic respect for the right preservative of all rights. In 1868, John A. Griswold was undoubtedly elected Governor of New York. His majority in the State was about 50,000, but the Democratic majority in the city, as counted, was about 60,000. Mr. Davenport, at the request of the Union League Club, investigated the matter, and ascertained that more than 60,000 fraudulent naturalization papers were issued in the year 1868, chiefly by Judge Barnard and Judge McCunn. In October, the month before the election, more than 37,000 such papers were issued by those judges, and on one day, when at most not more than 120 persons could have been honestly naturalized, there were 4620 naturalized. There was every ingenious variety of fraud upon the right preservative of all rights. Twenty thousand papers were issued in blank. One thousand men testified that although many of them were from forty to sixty years of age, they had been naturalized as minors. Certificates of intention were dated back years before the courts to which they were ascribed had issued any certificates. Signatures were forged. Professional witnesses perjured themselves in swearing to personal knowledge of everybody. Ten of them signed for 8245 persons. A greater crime against popular government was never perpetrated than this Democratic fraud of 1868 in New York—a crime which reproduces itself, because these false voters could vote every year until discovered.

To prevent such monstrous frauds Mr. John I. Davenport was appointed by Republican authority Chief Supervisor of Elections. It was a post requiring unusual courage and acuteness and persistence. Mr. Davenport immediately requested the holders of naturalization papers of 1868 to appear and exchange them, if the holders were entitled, for valid papers. He invited a Tammany committee to sit with him, and Tammany sent out circulars warning the false holders not to appear. Mr. Davenport, nevertheless, has largely nullified the colossal Democratic fraud, and he has been pursued, therefore, with relentless Democratic hostility. No public officer in the country has done a more signal public service; and it is because more than any one else he has proved the hollow humbug of the Democratic cry for a free vote, and because he has thoroughly exposed the Democratic contempt for the right preservative of all rights, that Mr. Davenport has been so savagely assailed by Democratic partisans. If the recent elections in New York have been more honest and peaceful than ever before, it is because Mr. Davenport has largely prevented the Democratic fraud which is still unchecked in the "solid South."

AMERICAN FRUITERERS AND SPANISH CRUISERS.

The State Department is vigorously investigating the alleged violation of the rights of American vessels by Spanish cruisers in the Cuban waters, and there is no doubt that Spain will be held strictly to a complete responsibility. There are three cases of this supposed outrage recently reported. But while newspapers and private politicians may instantly and loudly demand an apology or gore, governments can proceed only upon ascertained facts. International consent permits to a state marine jurisdiction within a league from its shore, and treaties may confer other rights. But there is no treaty with Spain which authorizes her cruisers to search American ships on the high seas, and if, as is asserted, they have done so, the Spanish government will doubtless make proper apologies and reparation.

It is, however, curious that three instances should occur in rapid succession, and still more remarkable that Spanish authorities should be reported to have justified the action upon the ground of jurisdiction. If the vessels were within the space over which Wheaton says that the rights of territorial jurisdiction are absolute, there may be a question of right, but not necessarily a justification of armed visitation. The vessels were fruiterers peacefully pursuing their voyage. If they were forcibly stopped a dozen or twenty miles out at sea, it would seem that Spain must show a treaty, or some acknowledged international practice, for justification.

The Administration will consider the facts, doubtless, decide promptly, and act vigorously. The Secretary knows very well all the law and the treaties and the precedents, but he is bound carefully to investigate the facts. The first demand in such cases is a first step toward very serious possible results, and it is to be made only upon grounds which are to be maintained. Fortunately our question of the right of search under a Republican Administration has no sinister motive, as it has had in other days, and the conduct of the question is in the most capable hands.

DISTRICT ELECTION OF ELECTORS.

The growth of the abuse known as the "boss" or "machine" system of controlling politics has led to the inquiry why Presidential electors should not be appointed, as the Republican Convention has decided that delegates to the National Convention shall be elected hereafter, by districts. The members of Congress from a State are chosen in that way, and it is asked whether there is any sound reason why electors should not be appointed in the same way? This is a question which naturally arises as political methods become more artificial and corrupt, and there is very much to be said in favor of the district system.

The Constitution provides simply that "each State shall appoint, in such manner as the Legislature thereof may direct, a number of electors," etc. Before reaching this conclusion propositions of every method of election were alternately approved and disapproved in the Convention. It was proposed to elect by the citizens of the United States, by the national legislature, by electors chosen by the people of the State, and by electors chosen by districts. As usual, the debate was valuable and interesting.

The State Legislatures have exercised their discretion in different ways. New York at first chose electors by the Legislature. In 1799 it was proposed to elect by districts, but the Senate disagreed with the House. In 1800 the district plan was carried in the Senate, and lost in the House. In 1824 a strong effort was made to give the election to the people at large, but it failed in the Senate. It was subsequently adopted, and it has been the practice ever since. The electors are allotted to the Congressional districts, but they are chosen by the aggregate people of the State. The motives for the proposed changes were partisan and personal, and the debates are imperfectly reported.

The great advantage of the district system is that it applies to the choice of the Executive the principle which governs the Congressional election. It is a principle of nationality. It regards the people living in the different States as one body for national purposes, except in the election of Senators of the United States, the point at which State equality is secured in the national system. The object in a Presidential election is to ascertain the actual preference of the people, and while the electoral system continues, it is only a question of expediency how this can be best done. The district plan makes intrigue and corruption very much more difficult, while every vote carries its proper weight as in the State plan, and the strong argument lies in its greater probable honesty. Such a change, however, would be but a temporary shift. The "machine" would readily adjust itself to the changed conditions. The mischief is in the conditions which create the machine. Those must be changed if we would escape its clutch.

THE "SEAWANHAKA" VERDICT.

The coroner's jury in the case of the *Seawanhaka* have found that the catastrophe was caused by the bursting or collapsing of one of the tubes in the starboard boiler, which drove the flames under the grate, into the fire-room, thereby kindling the wood-work. The jury strongly recommend that all the wood-work of such fire-rooms should be incased in metal. It is a sharp comment upon our common-sense and our civilization that such a recommendation should be necessary. The thousands of persons who daily come to the city and return to their homes by water are exposed to precisely the same fate that overtook the unfortunate victims of the *Seawanhaka*, and any one of them who reads these words may verify them, no doubt, by looking into the fire-room of his boat.

The inspection of steamboats in a city situated like New York is a very important matter. It is a subject of legislation, and the laws should be made stringent enough to fulfill their purpose. The recommendation of the *Seawanhaka* jury ought to be made law without delay, since it is proved that private enterprise has not taken the proper precautions. The *Seawanhaka*, indeed, was an especially well-ordered boat. It was owned, in part at least, by those who were daily passengers during the summer months. They had no disposition, of course, to neglect any reasonable provision of safety. Yet, with the best intentions, the wood-work of the fire-room was unprotected. The owners can not be reproached for carelessness, since their own personal security was involved.

The heroism of the captain and engineer is made even more apparent by the investigation. A subscription amounting to about $5000 has been already raised as a testimonial, and sincere public admiration and gratitude go with it. The loss of life was great and lamentable, yet it would have been very much greater but for the clear head and stout heart and steady hand of Captain Smith.

WHAT IS CO-EDUCATION?

The annual report of the president of Columbia College to the Board of Trustees is a very interesting and instructive paper, and among its various topics none is more admirably treated than the higher education of women. What are called extreme views are not to be expected from the head of a conservative institution like Columbia; but reasonable views are; and a more succinct and valuable account than President Barnard's of the English experience upon this subject is not to be found. Those who recall Sydney Smith's paper upon the education of women seventy years ago in England will not wonder that there should have been at least a demand for reform. This gradually led to the establishment of Queen's College, in London, which was to train young women to pass the examinations of the London University. The result of the enterprise and of the increasing feeling is that since 1878 London University makes no distinction of sex in granting degrees.

But London University examines only; it does not teach. The next step was the foundation of Girton College for women, near Cambridge. Its success led to the Association for the Higher Education of Women, in Cambridge, which built Newnham Hall, in that city, whose students have been permitted to attend most of the university lectures upon natural science and history, and to be examined informally upon the university honor papers. In Oxford the movement has been slower, but it is prosperous; and at a recent distribution of prizes at Oxford, the Archbishop of Canterbury stated his pleasure at the opening to women of opportunities of the highest education.

President Barnard marks the advance in this country, and he explains clearly that the term "co-education" is misleading. That word seems to propound instruction of men and women in the same schools as a distinctive object. But it is not an object, it is an incident. The object is to promote the higher education of women. If experience shows that this can be best attained by their presence in the same schools at the same time with men, then that presence, or co-education, is necessary for the higher education of women. It is greatly to the honor of Columbia College that its president should have placed the question impregnably upon grounds of reason and experience.

"NOTHING IN PARTICULAR."

We are asked by "A Constant Reader in Georgia," presumably a Democrat, whether we have not allowed party zeal to get the better of us in saying that General Hancock, a distinguished Union soldier, "represents nothing in particular."

The substance of the inquiry is whether we mean to assert that the Union cause was nothing in particular. But our meaning is evident. To put it more plainly, a Union soldier, nominated by the late disunion party, represents nothing in particular as against a Union soldier nominated by the Union party. "A Constant Reader in Georgia," or in any State, would not probably allege that General Hancock represents Democratic or Southern acceptance of the results of the war, because we have been told for a dozen years that these results have been accepted long ago. General Hancock, then, who is known only as a brave Union soldier, represents in himself nothing in particular, since we are all, according to Democratic asseveration, sound Unionists.

Now that "A Constant Reader" has read his candidate's letter, he will perhaps agree that our statement is fully justified.

A LATE LIE.

"Index" wishes to know if we have nothing to say of Mr. Justice Swayne's remark about General Garfield. Nothing: and for the reason that Mr. Justice Swayne has made no other remark about General Garfield, known to the public, than an expression of friendship and respect. "Index" may well ponder the remark of a very distinguished public man to an editor who begged to be authorized to "nail a lie." The public man smiled and replied, "While you are exposing one old one, the enemy will invent twenty new ones."

THE LOSS OF MOMMSEN'S LIBRARY.

Germany has such worthy pride in her eminent authors and scholars that the recent loss of Professor Mommsen's library and manuscripts is regarded almost as a national grief. The historian, a Dane by birth but a German by residence, lives near Berlin, and one night a few weeks since he fell asleep over his work, and awaking at three o'clock in the morning, he put out the gas, and somehow dropped a burning match, with which he had lit a candle, upon the carpet. Some time afterward fire was discovered, but it was too late.

The treasures of the library at the moment were very great. There were ancient parchments lent to Mommsen by the authorities of the Vatican and the Vienna, Paris, and Berlin libraries to aid him in completing the great work on Roman inscriptions, which was nearly finished. There were also the materials and the manuscript of the sixth volume of his *History of Rome*. All these, with his books—incalculably valuable to him—were destroyed. Mommsen was almost frenzied, and was only forcibly restrained from plunging into the flames in his bewildered endeavors to save his treasures.

But he is already composed, and hopes still to repair the consequences of what seems to be an irreparable loss. The Emperor, and the Crown Prince, who was one of his pupils, are greatly interested, and it is thought not improbable that quarters in the palace at Charlottenburg will be given to him for his work.

It is remembered that Niebuhr's library also was burned, and that he never really recovered from the shock. It will not be forgotten, too, that the manuscript of Carlyle's *French Revolution* was lent by him to John Stuart Mill, and was used by a servant to light a fire. Carlyle rewrote it. But the question is wisely asked whether, in this day of easy mechanical reproduction, such invaluable relics as the old documents of the great libraries should not be copied, so that, if lent and lost, the world shall be no poorer.

PERSONAL.

Walt Whitman has been seriously ill at a friend's house in Canada. He has recovered sufficient strength to resume his travels in a comfortable way. A handsome little steam-yacht has been placed at his disposal, and he is exploring the Lakes of the Thousand Islands. During August he goes some four hundred miles down the St. Lawrence and up the Saguenay.

—The Albany *Journal* thinks that General Hancock should read over his history again. In his letter to General Sherman he said: "I like Jefferson's way of inauguration; it suits our system. He rode alone on horseback to the Capitol (I fear it was the 'Old Capitol'), tied his horse to a rail fence, entered, and was duly sworn, then rode to the Executive Mansion, and took possession. He inaugurated himself simply by taking the oath of office." The *Journal* quotes the following from Hildreth's *History*, vol. i., p. 420:

> "Jefferson had condemned with strong emphasis, as savoring of monarchy and public ceremony, the swearing in of the President. Yet on the morning of his accession to office, not to disappoint the multitude of his friends and partisans who had assembled to pay him honors, and, perhaps, now that his own turn had come, looking at the matter in a somewhat different light, escorted by a body of militia and a procession of citizens, he proceeded to the Capitol, where the Senate had met in special session, in obedience to a call issued by Adams some weeks before. Burr, already sworn in as Vice-President, gave up the chair to Jefferson, taking a chair at his right hand. On his left sat Chief Justice Marshall, ready to administer the oath of office. The chamber was filled, a large number of the members of the late House being present, to which body, just before its adjournment, Jefferson had sent notice of his intended public inauguration."

—Professor H. M. Paul, of the Naval Observatory at Washington, has gone to Japan to become Professor of Astronomy at the University of Tokio.

—Bishop Simpson is staying at Santa Cruz, California.

—Mr. Addison Borst has gone to Europe in the interest of the Virginia Immigration Society, of which he is the Secretary.

—Of the early staff of *Punch*, says the London *World*, Mark Lemon, Jerrold, G. A. À Beckett, Sterling Coyne, E. Landells, Newman, John Leech, Albert Smith, Kenny Meadows, are all dead. Still alive are W. H. Wills—of whose health we are sorry to hear but indifferent accounts—H. P. Grattan, H. G. Hine (the now famous water-color artist), and Percival Lee, a veteran, who, I believe, still contributes occasionally. Of those who joined after the journal was established we have to mourn Thackeray, Horace Mayhew, and Shirley Brooks, who was by far the best all-round contributor that *Punch* ever had, and under whose editorship it was in its zenith.

—The death is announced of the Danish zoologist Professor P. W. Lund. He died at Lagoa Santo, in Brazil, on the 25th of May, but the news has only recently reached his friends. The deceased savant was in his seventy-ninth year, but notwithstanding his great age he was pursuing his investigations into the habits of tropical insects at the time of his death.

—Two English ladies of the æsthetic school were discussing the appearance of an eminent actor, one admired, the other did not. Said the non-admirer, "You can't admire his legs." To which the admirer replied, "Yes, I think they are very poetic legs. I am not sure which is the most poetic. I think the left leg is the thinner."

—The London *Examiner* learns that several learned professors at the Kasan University, Russia, are preparing to translate Shakspeare into the Tartar language. It also understands that the Russian Imperial Geographical Society is about to undergo a complete reorganization.

—*The Praise of Books, as Said and Sung by English Writers*, is the title of a work by Dr. J. A. Langford, which will shortly be published in London. The introduction will consist of an essay on books by the compiler of the work.

—Mr. Thomas Dixon, the working-man to whom Mr. Ruskin wrote the letters afterward published under the title *By Wear and Tyne*, has just died at his English home. He was by trade a cork-cutter, was a remarkable man for his class, and took great interest in all literary and artistic matters.

—The late Earl Dalhousie died quietly and suddenly. He had walked and read as usual all the morning, and seemed in perfect health. At luncheon-time the countess went into his room, and seeing him sitting by the open window, thought him asleep. It was not until she had made two attempts to waken him that she realized that he was dead.

—The curious subject of the early English prophecies—which sometimes had considerable political influence—is being investigated by Dr. Moritz Brandt, who has, according to the London *Academy*, undertaken to edit a series of these vaticinations, ranging from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, for the Early English Text Society.

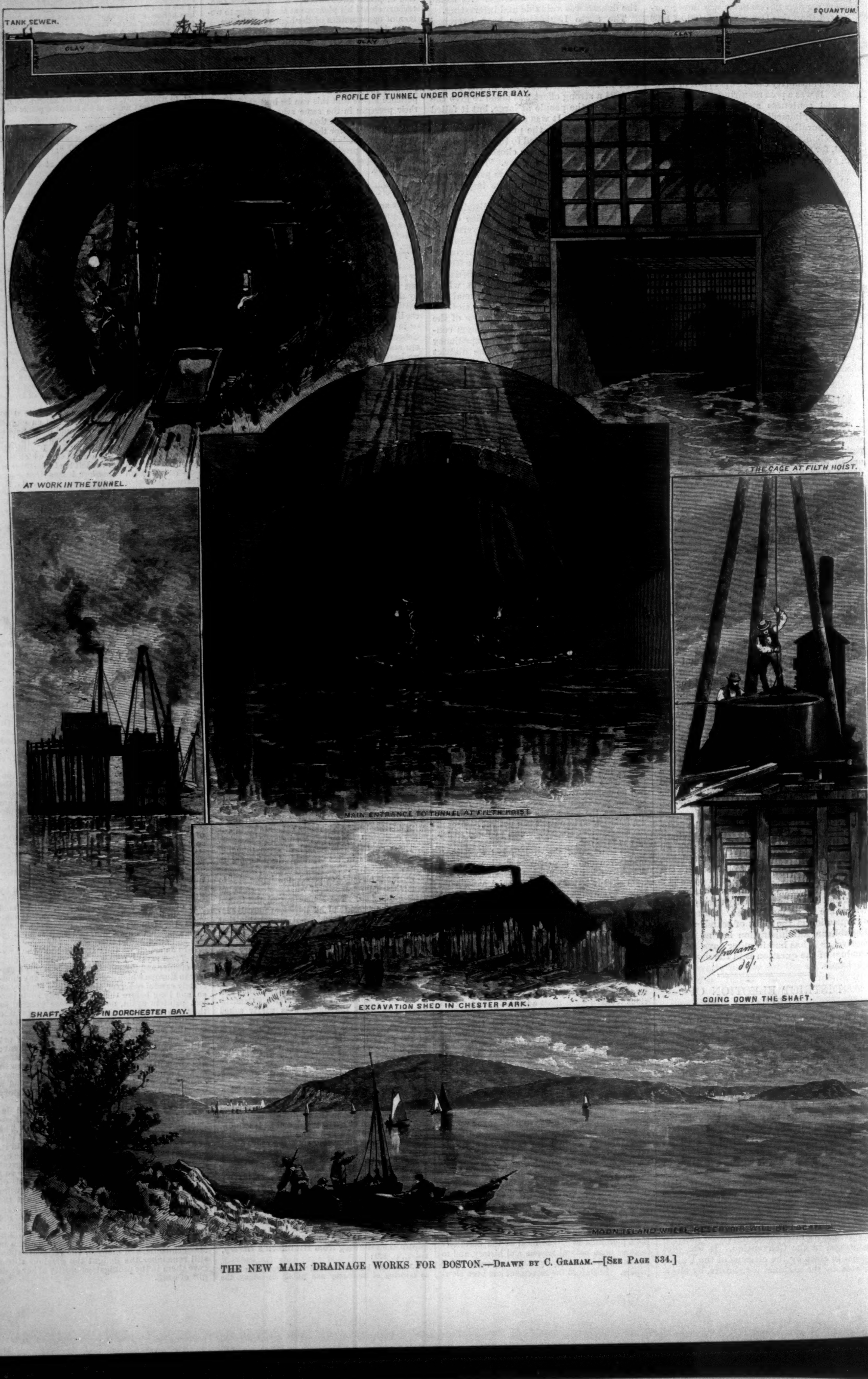
—There is at last some prospect, says the London *Athenæum*, of an exhaustive work on the life and writings of David Hume. Professor A. C. Fraser, the editor of *Berkeley*, has in view this important undertaking, after the completion of his work on Locke.

—Félix Borie, a Belgian landscape painter of talent, died recently at Brussels. He wrote songs, and some of the best. "La Cœur," "La Bagatelle," and "La Femme de la Bible" were wrongly attributed to Boufflers. They are now published by subscription, with illustrations by the best Belgian artists.

—It is announced that the library formed by the third Earl of Sunderland, and now the property of the Duke of Marlborough, will be sold by auction during the present season. It contains the famous Valdarfer Boccaccio, many books printed on vellum, and rarities of English and Continental literature.

—In an article on the "Old Masters" the London *Times* says: "Between the sun and the dirt, the cleaner and the curator, there is hardly a gallery in Europe which does not prove, to any moderately careful observer, that within a century or so, and long before there will be any such perfect painters again, no masterpiece painted in the three great centuries of art will be enjoyable—will, in the real sense, be visible—unless it be, and that speedily, protected. Essays and sermons on the influence and importance of art will be more than ever abundant and eloquent; the names of Raphael and Titian and Rembrandt will be, perhaps, even more than now in men's mouths. But their works and their fame, meanwhile, will have become a shadow and a tradition—traditionary and shadowy as the glory of Achilles, as the beauty of Helen."

—Jenny Lind's home is a spacious and delightful mansion in a retired nook of South Kensington, embowered in trees and flowers. The elegant drawing-room is decorated with old china and artistic draperies, has a grand piano in it, and a life-size portrait of its mistress as she appeared at the height of her career. The great singer is described as having still the same soft blue eye, and as showing but a few threads of silver in the abundant brown hair, yet worn turned under as she used to wear it. On the occasion when the mansion was seen, she wore a black silk with coral buttons, a shawl of old Cluny lace, and a little cap of Venetian guipure. For a year after her marriage Madame Goldschmidt lived in the town of Northampton in Massachusetts, and many of the residents there still remember the delight the gracious singer gave them in the prodigal generosity of her great gift of song.


TANK SEWER.
SQUANTUM.
CLAY
ROCK
CLAY
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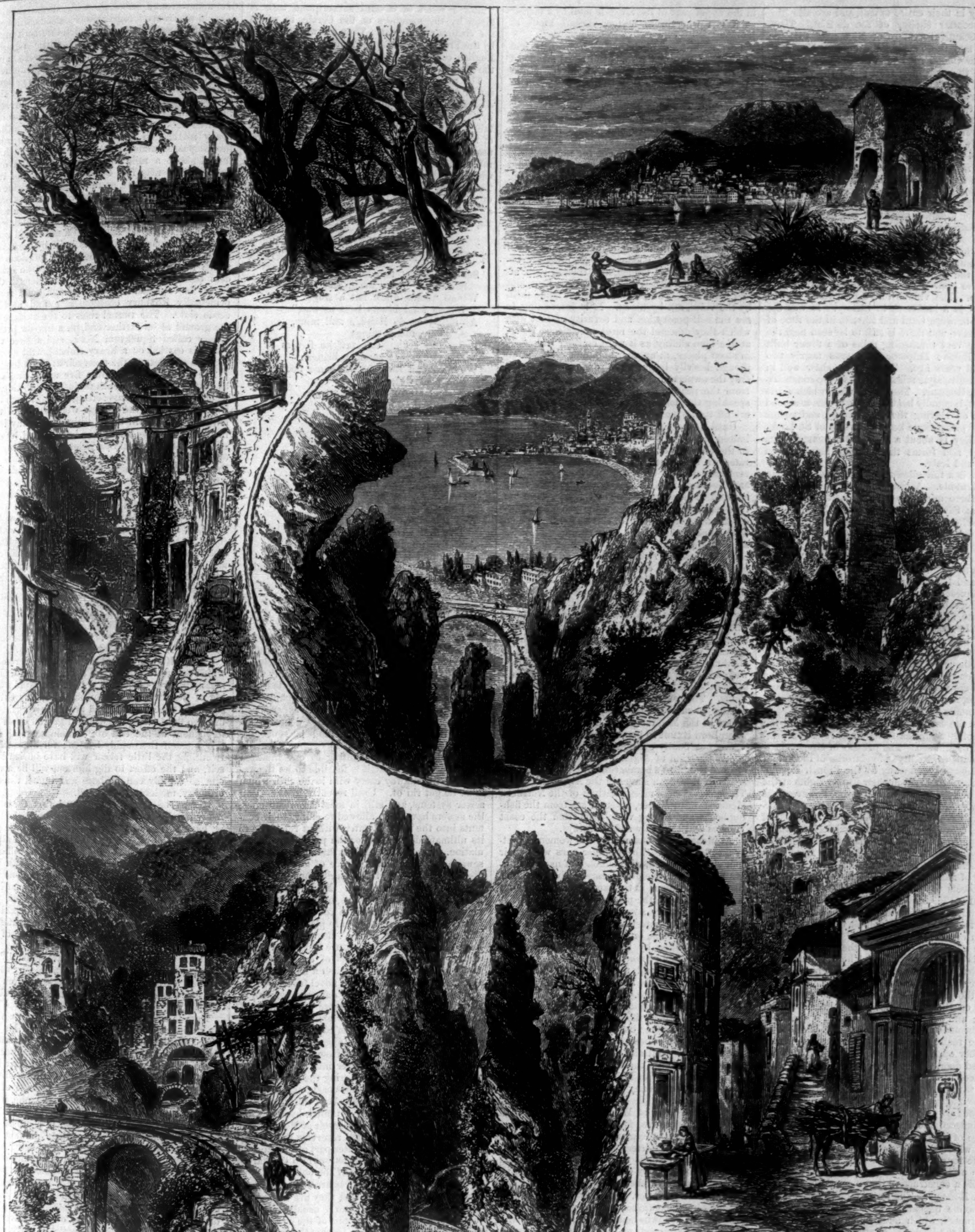
CLAY
PROFILE OF TUNNEL UNDER DORCHESTER BAY.
AT WORK IN THE TUNNEL.
THE CAGE AT FILTH HOIST.
MAIN ENTRANCE TO TUNNEL AT FILTH HOIST.
SHAFT IN DORCHESTER BAY.
EXCAVATION SHED IN CHESTER PARK.
C. Graham del.
GOING DOWN THE SHAFT.
MOON ISLAND WHERE RESERVOIR WILL BE LOCATED.

THE NEW MAIN DRAINAGE WORKS FOR BOSTON.—Drawn by C. Graham.—[See Page 534.]



VIEWS OF MENTONE AND THE SURROUNDING DISTRICT.

MENTONE.

"A WINTER passed at Mentone," writes Dr. HENRY BENNET, "is a drama—a little epitome of life." The place is indeed so small, so separated by its mountain barriers from the rest of the world, and the number of strangers so limited, and dependent upon each other for entertainment and recreation, that a common tie soon binds them together, and forms of the representatives of distant and alien parts of the world a compact community, interested in each other and in the pursuit of the same ends.

Something less than twenty years ago Mentone was a quiet little Italian town on the sunny shore of the Riviera, with two or three small hotels, principally used by passing travellers, and half a dozen recently erected villas. Now it has become a well-known and frequented winter resort, with a score of hotels, three times that number of villas, and a mixed foreign winter population of above fifteen hundred. Many of these winter visitors are invalids in search of health, but by far the larger proportion are mere sun worshippers, who have left the North to bask in the Southern sunshine, or travellers to or from Italy, glad to rest for a time under the lemon and olive clad hills of lovely Mentone. Its resources for visitors, however, are still principally in picturesque out-door life. The scenery is most grand and imposing in the mountain background, most picturesque and romantic in the nearer hills and coast outline.

Mentone is a town of considerable extent. Its quay is large, but has more the appearance of an esplanade than of a structure intended for the purposes to which it is devoted. The houses that occupy one side of it are composed of stone, and are seven and eight stories high. Above these rise others built on the rocky eminence which forms the centre of the town. The cathedral, with two or three other churches, painted in rich and varied colors, crowns the whole. Among the churches are scattered high palm-trees, whose picturesque forms and dark foliage come out in bold relief against the cloudless sky, and give the picture a Moresque and striking character.

The inhabitants of Mentone have invested, it is said, nearly all their savings in building villas and suburban houses for their visitors, and can now accommodate many hundreds comfortably and hygienically. These houses have been mostly built outside the town, along the sea-shore, so that they unite the climatic advantages which Mentone affords with the hygienic conditions that are equally, or more, necessary. There are also some villas built, and more building, at some little distance from the coast, in the Turin Valley, where it expands before reaching the sea. In the town some of the best houses of the principal or modern street are let in apartments or flats, furnished or unfurnished. These apartments are not so desirable for a residence as the suburban villas, but they are much more reasonable in price.

Within the immediate area of the Mentone district there are other points of interest besides the valleys and hills. The drives are very picturesque and lovely in their entire extent, and are all within the peculiar shelter of the district. They are the beautiful western or Nice road to Roccabruna and the Turbia; the equally beautiful eastern or Genoa road to Ventimiglia and Bordighera; the charming road along the shore to Monaco; the road to the Cap Martin, to its bold, broken, rocky point, to the ruins of the old convent in the centre, and to the telegraph tower; the mountain-pass road up the Carei Valley, which winds over the mountains to Sospello and Turin; and lastly, the road that leads along the Cabrole Valley to the foot of the Santa Lucia and Santa Agnese mountains. Visitors usually approach Mentone from Nice, and the scenery along this road is so beautiful that it generally continues to be the favorite excursion. Two hours are required for a gentle ascent of the mountain-side from Mentone to Turbia, at the summit of the pass. During the entire ascent the road is thoroughly sheltered from the north, and steeped in sunshine until the sun descends behind the mountains in the western horizon. The return only takes one hour or one and a half, according to the pace. The village of Turbia, which crowns the pass, is a landmark in history. It was the frontier between Gaul and Liguria in the time of the Romans, and there is still to be seen near the road the very interesting ruins of a tower built by the Roman Emperor Augustus nearly two thousand years ago. These ruins show well in what massive style military works were constructed by the Romans. The Genoa road, which skirts the coast, is equally beautiful. It begins to ascend at once on leaving the eastern bay, and passes over the picturesque bed and ravine of St. Louis. This valley is about a mile and a quarter from Mentone, and forms the dividing line between France and Italy.

There is a fair allowance of castles to be visited at Mentone. At Santa Agnese and at Roccabruna there are some very ancient ruins. The castle at Santa Agnese must have been a place of considerable strength. Local traditions say that it was built by the Saracens in order to keep in subjection the smiling districts which constitute the Mentonian amphitheatre. Probably then as now it was a garden rich in olives, in oranges, and lemons, and was considered a desirable conquest by the Southern invaders. The castle of Roccabruna is evidently of much more recent date, although it goes back to the Middle Ages. It recalls the stronghold of a "Rhine baron," intent on levying black-mail on those who travelled along the coast-road from Nice to Genoa. Although a mere mule-track, this road must have been much frequented in winter in the days when there was not a single carriage-road across the Alps, and when winter rendered their snow-clad summits an all but impassable barrier.

From the early Middle Ages Mentone and the village of Roccabruna formed a part of the principality of Monaco. The princes of Monaco held their small principality as feudatories of Piedmont, and although swept away by the French Revolution, were recognized in their former rights at the Treaty of Vienna. Their authority, however, was harshly exercised, and in 1848 Mentone and Roccabruna made a small revolution in imitation of France, drove the prince away, and declared themselves independent. The happy independence thus gained, with Arcadian immunity from taxes or conscription, they enjoyed until 1860, when the Prince of Monaco ceded his rights over his revolted subjects to the Emperor of France for the sum of £120,000. Monaco, his faithful city of six hundred inhabitants, he retained, as the capital of the diminished principality, under the jurisdiction of France.

The number of chapels on the road about Mentone is really surprising. There is scarcely a mile that does not present one, or a niche with a picture, or small statue of a saint, or a crucifix. Even the gates to fields and gardens have each a niche on the top containing the image of some saint; and every bridge has a small chapel or recess formed for the same purpose. The chapels on the road-side generally consist of one small chamber open to the road, or only inclosed by a latticed door. They contain an altar, over which is placed a picture or image, and the altar is covered with flowers, the humble offerings of the simple and pious people.

About six miles from Mentone, on the road to Ventimiglia, the frontier town of Italy, is the Bridge of St. Louis, built across the ravine at a point where the rock is from three hundred and fifty to four hundred feet high. It consists of a single arch of an immense span, and of so admirable a construction that it emulates the works of the Romans. The water falls in cascades into the ravine beneath, over which an aqueduct is constructed, which adds much to the beautiful effect of the bridge. A large and curious grotto, or gallery, is cut in the rock near by. The Pont de St. Louis and the aqueduct were constructed by the command of Napoleon, and will serve as a durable monument of his hardy and enterprising mind. Travellers in France and Italy often have occasion to recall his memory with gratitude, for he has rendered many a journey easy and agreeable which without his aid would have been a weary and toilsome pilgrimage.

On the Corniche road, about a mile and a half east of Ventimiglia, stands an old feudal tower. It forms a most picturesque object, rising as it does above a precipice formed of conglomerate rock which has the appearance of masonry. The tower was originally built over a gateway upon the ancient road from Mentone to Ventimiglia, which follows the Roman Via Julia. An examination of the foundations of the tower gives the impression that this portion of it is of Roman construction. The gateway is pointed, and has been defended by heavy doors and a portcullis. Above it a white marble tablet has been inserted, upon which a design of St. George subduing the dragon is well sculptured, and in a style suggestive of the fifteenth century. At present the room in the upper part of the tower is used by a farmer as a loft wherein to bestow various kinds of lumber.

Carriages of one kind and another can be had at Mentone, but donkeys are the usual means of ascent to the picturesque mountain ridges. Mules are but little used, as they have a reputation in Mentone, as elsewhere, for being vicious and bad-tempered. The able pedestrian commands the entire Mentonian amphitheatre, but it is not so with invalids, or women and children. The ascents are often winding and steep, the roads mere broken tracks, and were it not for the donkeys, much of the wild and picturesque scenery would be all but inaccessible to the invalid population. These animals are numerous, as every peasant, the owner of a few mountain terraces, keeps one as a beast of burden. Donkeys are as peculiarly suited to a rugged mountain district as the camel is to the desert. At Mentone they are mostly fine, handsome animals, and more than usually docile and good-tempered, probably because they are well tended, and treated with affection and kindness, instead of with contempt and brutality. The peasants always guide them by the voice, not by blows. It is interesting to see the self-possession and security of foot with which they descend the most precipitous paths, at one time sliding, as it were, on their haunches, in steep places, at another skipping like kids, although heavily laden. The donkey-women are only the owners of the saddles, hiring the donkeys from the peasants. Hence the necessity of bespeaking the donkeys overnight; otherwise they are off to the mountains by early morn.

Until a recent period the adjacent shores, and indeed those of the entire Riviera, were exposed to the constant attacks of the Mohammedan pirates of the South Mediterranean. For many centuries it was the Saracens, later the Turks and Moors of Tunis and Algiers, who periodically ravaged these coasts. Their forays were not for wealth, which the poor fishermen and laborers did not possess, but for slaves, for the women were handsome and the men strong. To withstand these attacks the inhabitants of the towns chose defensible situations, such as the steep promontories and eminences on which Monaco, Esa, Mentone, Ventimiglia, and San Remo are situated, fortifying themselves also with strong walls. The agriculturists sought safety by perching their villages on all but inaccessible heights, whence they could see their enemies approaching, and where they could easier defend themselves if attacked. There are still men alive at Mentone who, in the early part of this century, were seized on the coast by the Moors, and subsequently lived for years as slaves at Algiers and Tunis. That such should be the case is not surprising when we reflect that piracy reigned supreme in the Mediterranean until the year 1816, when Lord Exmouth bombarded Algiers, and that it was not finally extinguished until the French took possession of Algiers in 1830. At the time of Lord Exmouth's bombardment there were thousands of European slaves in the Algerine galleys. These slaves were mostly natives of the Northern Mediterranean shores, taken at sea from the fishing-boats and sailing vessels, or from the coast villages and towns by sudden forays.

At Mentone the costume of the women is pretty and becoming. The younger ones wear their hair simply braided, with bunches of natural flowers placed over one of the ears. The children's heads are arranged in the same manner, and they look like those in the pictures of Watteau. The women of a more advanced age wear handkerchiefs of the brightest colors twisted round their heads like turbans, or nets of a dark hue. The language spoken by the peasantry is a *patois*, semi-Italian, semi-French, but inclining to Italian. The proprietors and tradesmen all speak both Italian and French, but with them French appears to predominate. The shop signs, formerly Italian, are now French. In feeling the Mentonians occupy about the same midway position, although their Italian sympathies predominate. At the time of the annexation they petitioned unanimously to be "left alone," but their petition was not allowed to see the light. They are rather a handsome race, with Italian features, black hair, and dark eyes. Many very handsome young women are seen.

The little town of Mentone was built, like all other Italian towns, for defense, and is a good example of the ancient towns of the Riviera. It dates from the thirteenth century, and much of the masonry belongs to that period. The characteristic peculiarity of the Riviera towns is the frequent use of arches thrown across the streets to support the houses. In many cases these arches are almost continuous, and the streets are like tunnels. The towns being on the summits of hills, the streets are steep, so that steps are necessary. They are called, as in Italy, salitè, or stairs. The oldest street is the Via Lampedousa. Three districts, namely, Mattom, Lampedousa, and Capodanno, are named after celebrated Algerine pirates, and traces of Algerine occupation are found in these names, in the Arab physiognomy of many inhabitants, and in the dialect spoken. A question asked of some of the older people will bring the response, "Si, sha," or "Non, sha," "sha" being an Eastern word equivalent to "sir"—in fact, the "Shah" of the Persian monarch. The old Mentonese dialect is now only spoken by very old people.

The inhabitants of Mentone are exceedingly gracious and cordial to strangers, and do their utmost, in a quiet Southern way, to render the place agreeable to them. An elegant "Cercle," or club, has been built in the centre of the town, which is well supplied with newspapers. It is open to visitors by subscription, and contains billiard, card, and conversation rooms, and a good-sized theatre and ball-room. On the shore, in the town, there is an esplanade, or sea-terrace, constructed in 1861, and to which the name of "Promenade du Midi" has been given. Each winter a series of elegant subscription balls is given by the members of the Cercle, to which the visitors are invited. They are well attended by the French, and also by many members of the English community, much to the gratification of the Mentonians.

The artist has been successful in giving us a series of miniature views of Mentone which includes nearly all the points of interest in the vicinity. With the following key the reader can obtain a complete and accurate idea of the beauties of this popular little retreat upon the Mediterranean shore. I. View from the Olive Gardens, Garavan. II. From the Chapel of St. Louis. III. The Old Town. IV. Valley of St. Louis. V. Feudal Tower near Ventimiglia. VI. Olive Mills at Ciotti. VII. Valley of St. Louis from the Bridge at Mentone. VIII. Piazza, Scala Santa, and Castle, Roccabruna.

A NOT UNPLEASANT DISCORD.

Sure never yet two lovers lived,
  Since first shone moon and sun,
Whose "souls knew but a single thought,
  Whose fond hearts beat as one,"
As nearly as do Ralph's and mine,
  So many, many things
Delight us both. Our fav'rite flow'rs
  Are those that summer brings;
We read and love the self-same books;
  One poet we adore;
One song above all other songs
  We practice o'er and o'er.

And yet upon one subject we
  Must always disagree;
I will not yield the slightest jot,
  And just as firm is he.
It is which is the higher type
  Of beauty, dark or fair.
"The brown for me," says Ralph, while I
  For "blue and gold" declare.
And this discordant note we struck
  The first week that we met,
And I've no doubt a score of years
  Will find it sounding yet.
'Tis strange; but then Ralph's very blonde,
  And I—well, I'm brunette.

MAIN DRAINAGE-WORKS AT BOSTON.

The danger to health arising from the proximity of putrescible waste matters, and the necessity of promptly removing such matters, have only within the last few years been fully appreciated. In sparsely settled districts, where the quantity of refuse is small, little difficulty need be experienced in disposing of it; but in large cities, densely populated, the only efficient method is sewerage. Since there must be sewers to remove the daily water supply, often amounting to one hundred gallons per individual, it is feasible to let the water as it flows away carry with it the filth which must be got rid of. Until recently, in almost all sewer systems, and still in most American ones, the sewers have been allowed to empty their contents into the nearest water, without reference to its ultimate destination, or the proximity of population. English sanitarians first announced that sewage was a constant source of danger, unless discharged remote from habitations at points whence it could not return. Most foreign cities have already expended sums, often amounting to many millions of dollars, in constructing works to convey their sewage to safe places of deposit, miles beyond their limits. Boston is the first large American city to institute a similar reform, and as the works in process of construction at that place will doubtless furnish a model for other cities, and present certain novel features, a description of them is offered our readers, with illustrations of some of the more interesting features, sketched by one of our artists.

The general plan at Boston comprises a system of low intercepting sewers along the margins of the city to receive the flow from the already existing sewers; a main sewer into which the former empty, and which, crossing the city, leads to a pumping station at the sea-coast; pumping machinery to raise the sewage about thirty-five feet; an outfall sewer, partly in tunnel, leading from the pumping station to a reservoir at Moon Island, in the harbor, from which reservoir the sewage accumulated during the latter part of ebb and the whole of flood tide is to be let out into the harbor during the first two hours of the ebb tide.

The new sewers themselves are not unlike those ordinarily built, except that they are larger, and have to be placed lower than is usually required; and as the soil on the margins of the city is often a compressible mud, they frequently need a pile foundation to support them. Sometimes, when the surface of the ground is elevated, they are built by tunnelling. The sketch showing this method of construction was taken in the main sewer in Mount Vernon Street, Dorchester. Carson's excavating apparatus, so called from the engineer who invented it, is frequently employed in constructing the sewers, and a view of the outside of the building used is shown near the bottom of the page. A house about one hundred feet long, like a section of a rope-walk, covers all operations connected with building the sewer. Under the forward portion the trench is excavated to receive the sewer, in the centre the latter is built, and at the rear the earth taken out in front refills the trench. An engine at the front end of the building elevates the excavated material, and running it back on tracks, dumps it over the completed sewer. As the work progresses, the building is pulled ahead by the same engine. Everything is done under cover, except the driving of some sheet plank outside of the house.

The main sewer ends at what is called the filth hoist, and the view of it at this point gives an idea of its magnitude. The filth hoist itself is a massive under-ground structure with several chambers, in which are hung cages or screens, through which the sewage flows, and which intercept matters which would be apt to clog the pumps. Thence the sewage enters the pump wells, and is to be raised by four large pumping-engines, each capable of lifting twenty-five million gallons in twenty-four hours. After being raised by the pumps the sewage flows, with a sluggish current, through an elevated tank or deposit sewer, twelve hundred feet long, in which any sand or other heavy matters in suspension will deposit, and thence passes under Dorchester Bay through a tunnel about a mile and a half long, and one hundred and fifty feet below the surface of the water. Short siphons, as that under the Seine at Paris, and others, have heretofore been constructed in connection with sewerage-works, but a tunnel of such magnitude as the one now building at Boston for conveying sewage is a novel and bold engineering conception. It is built by means of three shafts in the bay, the upper portions of which are formed of sections of cast-iron cylinders bolted together. For its entire length the tunnel is expected to pass through solid rock, principally Roxbury conglomerate and argillaceous slate. The tunnel rises to the surface of the ground at its farther end, on a narrow promontory called Squantum Neck, and thence the sewer is carried on a heavy embankment across beaches and flats to the reservoir at Moon Island.

The reservoir is to cover five acres, and will be emptied just after each period of high tide, at which time the currents setting seaward from the island will carry the sewage well outside of the harbor. What will be its ultimate destiny is a matter of surmise, but it has been stated by scientists that all organic particles will probably be oxidized by the water, or will be assimilated by the myriad animal organisms which pervade the sea.

In all some fourteen miles of main and intercepting sewers, besides the other works, are to be constructed. Eight miles of these are now finished, or nearly so, and it is hoped that within three years the whole works will be completed. The total cost is estimated at four million dollars, and if the results confidently expected are attained, it will prove a wise expenditure of time, labor, and money.

A SAPPER AND MINER.

"Well said, old mole! Canst work i' the earth so fast? A worthy pioneer!"

So says Hamlet to his father's ghost—a remark which points to the fact that Shakspeare was no mean observer of nature. As to the rapid working of the little animal he named, if any enthusiast will take a spade and start fairly against a mole to try and dig it out, he will throw down the implement at the end of five minutes and confess himself thoroughly beaten; for almost in a twinkling the little fellow will have buried himself, and the effort to dig him out will be a vain one, so rapidly can he bore and tunnel through ordinary, moderately soft soil.

It may be taken for granted that there are many hundreds of thousands of people who never have seen, and never may see, this little animated subsoil plough and drainer, who, if allowed to follow the bent of his inclinations, will completely undermine a field, running through it a series of veins and arteries, opening the one into the other—making, in fact, hundreds upon hundreds of yards of subterranean passages, just large enough to admit his body, and depositing the soil taken out of the tunnels in the neatest of little, soft, crumbly heaps on the surface of the grass.

Fields or gardens so treated are generally beside a wood, and out of this the mole—or, as the learned call it, *Talpa europæa*—starts on his hunting trips, his hunting grounds being subterranean.

Here is the little fellow, just caught in a noose by an ingenious arrangement placed in his burrow, and the first feeling is one of amazement that such a little, round, soft, shapeless creature could perform so much work. For we have here what looks to be a little round, sausage-shaped bag some five or six inches long, made of the most delicate black silk velvet, the pile, which lies smooth in any direction, being so soft and fine that beside it velvet plush is a coarse and barbarous production. Our little defunct nuisance seems to have no shape beyond being round and long. One end comes to a point, and on examination you find that it is flattened at the extremity, being, in fact, an exact pig-like snout; and at the other rounded end there is a tail like an elongated camel's-hair pencil. There is no shape of head, no trace of shoulder or hip. Even the eyes are invisible, being completely covered by the velvety pile; and but for the legs it would be hard to tell that it is an animal at all. The legs! It should be the feet, for the legs are almost entirely within the skin, while the feet are wonderfully developed, especially those in the anterior part of the body. The ordinary illustrations of our natural histories give a very inaccurate idea of the fore-foot, or hand, of the mole, which is almost circular, and of enormous strength. It is covered with a very tough skin, and its claws are solidity itself.

On examining these implements—for such they really are—the surprise at the mole's power of locomotion, and sapping and mining process, ceases at once, for they are wonders of construction and models of perfection. Set in motion by exceedingly powerful muscles, it is seen that they are not placed, like the fore-legs of an ordinary animal, with a palm flat upon the earth for walking, but edgewise, and somewhat like the foremost fins of a fish, and they play on the earth in a similar manner, making, of course, some allowance for the denser medium. With these claw-armed hands the mole tears through the soil, and casts it back to where its hind-feet—which are about a third of the size and strength—continue the task, and kick the loosened earth up to the surface.

Here, in this orchard, is a favorable place for watching the workings of the mole—at least, so much as you are likely to see. Take your stand with me here, and be perfectly silent, or our labor will be in vain. You see nothing? Indeed! Watch that spot a couple of yards away. Can you not see about a table-spoonful of earth lying on the surface like so much exceedingly coarse brown sugar? Yes, you can see that; and now, on watching it carefully, you see that it is in motion—that it is growing, in fact, for there might be a volcanic disturbance going on below there upon a miniature scale, and this might be an eruption of fine disintegrated earth.

See how it comes to the surface, more and more welling up, so to speak, like water out of a spring. We know what is doing it—a mole; but no sign of the little sapper is manifested to our sight.

Look! there he goes—or, rather, there goes his work—just beneath the surface, and so close that the soil is slightly raised, though held together by the strands of grass and fibres of the trees. It is so close to the surface because a little lower down the alluvial soil ceases, and hard gravelly stone begins, such as would wear out the tough, strong claws of even a mole. To avoid this, then, and its harsh, jagged stones, the mole keeps at times so close to the surface that he can almost be seen to work. We trace him, then, and see that at every few yards hillocks are thrown up, which keep on increasing in size as the little animal toils on.

Now just stamp with your foot. The earth carries the concussion to where the busy little creature is at work, and the loose soil ceases to rise. He has gone.

You ask where? Oh! down one or other of the old channels that have been made at former times, perhaps by the one in question, perhaps by some of his relatives; and while we are looking at the traces of the new workings, the little sapper may have retreated back into the wood, or gone forward right across the garden and into the field forty or fifty yards away, which you can see is dotted over with mole-hills.

It must not be supposed, however, that the mole lives in these passages; for somewhere or another—probably in a place where one would not like to dig, for fear of destroying a choice tree—we should find the home of the busy worker, a circular chamber, carefully smoothed, and safe from caving-in earth by the support given to the soil by the root fibres of the tree above. Connected with this are a couple of circular passages, one above the other, joined by other passages; and from these in turn road after road radiates, like the crooked spokes of a cart-wheel from the nave, which represents the mole's home.

Here was one, down here at the bottom of the garden, beneath that great standard rose, which, though well planted and furnished with such soil and surroundings as would have satisfied the most *exigeant* of rose cultivators, began to flag and fade in the most peculiar way. Blight? Not a sign. Want of water? too much water? Neither. It had received the most perfect treatment, and yet it was dying. A spade revealed what was wrong. One mole had found the place suitable, and made a circular chamber just beneath the roots, effectually depriving the tree of its nutriment; and it would have killed it had we not decreed that the mole must die instead, and die it did.

Your mole is a thirsty soul, and for proof look here by the bank of this water-cress bed, which is tunnelled and in places half filled up by the tiny animal's borings. Tapping a running stream like this, it might be supposed that the mole would flood his works; but he is too good an engineer, for the tunnels run upward, and he can descend for water and then resume his hunting in the passages close at hand. For, in addition to loving water, the mole affects these damp spots, not from choice, but because they are the chosen homes of the dainty worms which form his chief support, though the small boring-slugs, grubs, and soft white larvæ of insects are largely devoured as they are found when digging, or afterward in travelling through the convenient highways into which they have fallen as into a trap.

The good a mole will effect in this way in a garden is incalculable, besides that which he does in keeping the soil so fresh by draining it, the rain percolating through into his many passages. Unfortunately, though the good he does is incalculable, the harm can be calculated, and it is great. In this garden, for instance, close by a wood, and liberally invaded by Talpa with his subsoil apparatus, the mischief was constant, and such as no garden would bear. The under-draining is good, but the filling up of the neatly made beds containing the choice dark-leaved water-cress, glistening with the pure waters from the spring one day, coated with moist mud the next from Talpa's borings; the range of heaps of soil for a dozen yards along the asparagus bed; the ploughing up of the neat paths between the seed beds, and the channelling of those tidily squared and drilled parallelograms devoted to the growth of onions; neatly raked borders one day, turned into an earthen model of a volcanic region, with its mountains and ridges and craters, the next; and, above all, the short crisp turf of the meadow, harrowed and rolled for a crop of hay, suddenly disfigured by heaps of soil that would be renewed night after night when levelled down—these and many more calculable pieces of damage necessitate the calling in of that rustic professional, the mole-catcher, who with a few sticks, one of which is bent down to form a bow or spring, some whip-cord nooses, and a cylinder of wood, turned hollow, exactly the diameter of the mole's tunnel, and smeared inside with moist earth for his better deception, sets to work. The cylinders are planted in the tunnels, the bow bent and attached to a trigger, which the mole himself starts, and he is instantly caught. One mole will do a great deal of mischief, but in this case ten or a dozen were trapped within a month.

SIGHT-SEEING IN SWEDEN.

Many people now pretend to care but little for a tour, unless they can contrive to carry home some trophies to attest their rare artistic penetration, and their powers of discovery of priceless ugly things. Smith goes to Holland mainly to pick up old blue pots, wherewith he packs his battered old portmanteau to the brim, and shudders at the bumps and thumps it gets in course of travelling. Brown starts upon a voyage for the discovery of delf, and gives himself great trouble to collect a few old "bits," such as with great ease he could buy any day at Christie's. Jones returns from Italy, his hat-box crammed with pinchbeck cameos and spurious mosaics, and his knapsack stuffed with rustic necklaces and earrings which bear the stamp of Brummagem in the rudeness of their make; while the more aspiring Robinson is off to Greece and the Levant, with the barely whispered project of outdigging Dr. Schliemann, for, by prodding with his walking-stick in a spot on the sea-shore which the spirits have revealed to him, he entertains great hopes of finding Helen's wedding ring, which she dropped into the sea when she eloped to Troy.

I would warn intrepid hunters of old crockery and gimcracks that if they go to Sweden they will find poor sport. Sweden is by no means a good country for bric-à-brac. The peasants mostly are too poor to have any hoarded riches in the way of rare old china, or ancient coins, or costly gems. There are no battered old brass fenders to be bought for half a crown, which would now in Belgravia be deemed a perfect bargain at five guineas apiece. There are no distorting mirrors, or rickety rush-bottomed chairs, or ramshackle old coal-scuttles, to be had for a song—trifles such as when transplanted to our drawing-room would set æsthetic minds raving and craving for the like. Indeed, I doubt whether an ancient tinder-box be there easily discoverable, and I can conceive a curio-hunter returning from the chase without even an old pair of Scandinavian snuffers to reward him for his toil.

The only things I found worth buying in my rural explorations were some specimens of hand-loom weaving, which I saw in Dalecarlia. Of these a gay striped apron now serves as a small table-cover, and occasions many explosions of feminine surprise by the fineness of its texture and the thickness of its make. Some linen made for head-gear shows a similar solidity, and betrays a thorough innocence of sundry tricks of sizing which are practiced in the trade. There was a clay floor to the cottage where this cloth was being woven, and little furniture except a table and some chairs. The beds appeared to be bare boards, which indeed were well-nigh hidden by the curtains drawn in front of the recesses that contained them, much in the same fashion as the berths on board a ship. A large covey of small children were running about barefoot, while a woman, likewise barefoot, sat working at her loom. Through a friendly interpretress she speedily concluded a bargain for the sale of the linen she had made. The cloth was soon cut from the loom, and measured off and paid for, and then, perhaps in celebration of the fact that this was the beginning of her commerce with Great Britain, the weaver very warmly shook me by the hand, and cried out, "Takka mikkit," or "Many thanks."

The people in this district still cling to their old costumes, which are quaintly picturesque; but they seldom go abroad in all their splendor until Sunday. Then both men and women come forth as clean and neat as it is possible for soap and water and clothes-brushes to make them. Short red waistcoats with green sleeves, knee-breeches, and long leathern aprons covering the chest—these constitute the usual male work-a-day apparel; while the women wear thick ankle-boots and short dark woollen skirts, which on Sundays are enlivened by bright bodices and aprons of red and blue, or black and yellow, with large snow-white linen sleeves, and rather tightly fitting white or scarlet caps. How they contrive to keep their finery in such a spotless state, while their houses are so small and their furniture so scanty, is a problem which the stranger will find it hard to solve.

Cleanliness is akin to godliness, we are told; though I doubt if the old hermits would have indorsed the axiom. Certainly in Sweden the two qualities appear to hold a close relationship, so far as may be judged from outward acts of public worship. The peasant congregation among whom I sat at Leksand were most earnest and attentive throughout a lengthy service, and I have rarely seen their equals in cleanliness and neatness. There were many hundreds—as many as fifteen, I guessed—assembled in the church. All were packed in narrow pews as close as they could sit; and the black coats on the one side formed a sombre contrast to the white caps on the other. On the high pew doors here and there were perched small silent people, bedecked with yellow plumage like pantomime canary-birds. Still smaller canaries were allowed to hop about upon the grass outside, in the care of elder sisters, or even male relations, who looked both proud and puzzled as they watched the precious charge confided to their keeping.

The sun was shining brightly when I came out of the church—I own, before the sermon. Inside as well as out the place was full of picturesqueness. Had an artist been there, he would have found a score of charming subjects for his pencil or his easel. One I specially remember as being worth remembrance: a father with a tiny yellow bundle in his arms, and gravely keeping guard over a couple of small yellow sprawlers at his feet. His long close-buttoned dark coat contrasted well with these bright colors, and he really looked so happy and contented with his simple homely duties, and there seemed such thorough honesty and manliness about him, that—but for the yellow bundle and the tumult which perhaps might have arisen from disturbing it—I should have been tempted to shake him by the hand, and assure him of my faith in the fact of his good-fellowship. As I had not learned enough of his own language to say this, I let one of his canary-birds peep shyly into my pocket and pick a biscuit out of it, whereat papa smiled gravely, and seemed greatly pleased.

Whether reverence be better taught in Sweden than in England is a matter which the tourist may be puzzled to decide. But if he goes to church at Leksand, he will surely be impressed by the reverential silence of that rustic congregation. Of the many hundreds gathered there together I hardly saw a man or woman who had not a prayer-book pretty constantly in use. There seemed to be no shamming, or show, or make-believe. They all seemed to be in real earnest, and not assembled simply to yawn away an hour, or to smile and stare about them. I was struck by the absence of all sniffing and snuffling, and whispering and coughing, and the like signs and symptoms of impatient inattention, whereby a village service—at least in my experience—is so very commonly enlivened and disturbed.

Profuse bowing when they meet is an act of formal courtesy which is certainly conspicuous among the Swedish folk. Hat brims have a hardish time of it in Stockholm. A week's wear must suffice to put them out of shape. Nor are hats the only articles which are set in movement for the greeting or good-bying of a relative or friend. When a train or steamboat quits or nears a station or a quay, there is a bowing and a kissing and a waving of white handkerchiefs which is wonderful to see. Such social ways are harmless and innocent enough, and the tourist would do wisely not to sneer at them. Indeed, he might do foolishly if, when he gets the chance, he fails to give and take a kindly Swedish greeting. Shall I forget the pleasant smile of the pretty bright-eyed maiden, as she stood framed in the doorway of her sister's house at Liden, and waved a last farewell as we went trotting down the road? Have I not still fresh in my mind's eye the pretty formal little courtesy which she dropped to me at bed-time when bidding me sleep well, and the like when at my leave-taking she warmly shook me by the hand?

Who knows but that, had not a third person been present, I might have been inspired with such a knowledge of her language as to whisper, "Snella flicka, gi meg en kyss!" or at least to have expressed my wishes in dog-Latin, which Lord Dufferin found so useful in his travels in high latitudes, and to have murmured, "O tu pulchra puella, da mihi unum parvum osculum, id est cara res!"

SLEEP-WALKERS.

A somnambulist is peculiarly susceptible of impressions on his muscular sense; and if the face, body, or limbs be brought into an attitude suggestive of any particular emotion, a corresponding mental state is immediately called up; thus if the angles of the mouth be gently separated from one another, as in laughter, a disposition to laugh is at once produced; and this expression may be turned into moroseness by drawing the eyebrows toward each other, and downward upon the nose, as in frowning. The movements of the somnambulist seem almost guided by a supernatural hand, for he will walk on parapets, roofs of houses, and precipices without the least accident. A story is told of a boy who climbed a precipice and took away an eagle's nest during his sleep—a feat he would never have attempted in his waking hours, as is proved by the fact that he disbelieved the story till he found the nest under his bed. Dr. Abercrombie relates instances of a young botanist out on a scientific expedition; of a servant-girl, rather dull than otherwise, discoursing on astronomy, which she apparently knew nothing of in her waking moments; of an orphan girl electrifying a whole household with the angelic strains of a violin, and of her conjugating a Latin verb, speaking French, etc., all of which were most unlikely accomplishments to her during the day. Another writer tells us of a somnambulist who walked two miles along a dangerous road to the quay of an Irish sea-port, jumped into the water, and swam about for an hour and a half before being rescued. Sir Walter Scott relates that one of the crew of a vessel lying in the Tagus had been murdered by a Portuguese, and it was said that the unfortunate man's spectre haunted the ship. One of the mates, an honest, sensible Irishman, said the ghost took him from his bed every night, led him about the ship, and in fact "worried his life out." The captain watched; and at midnight the mate got up with ghastly looks, lighted a candle, and went to the galley, stared wildly about, and then sprinkled some water out of a can, after which he seemed relieved, and returned quietly to his bed. The captain asked him next morning whether he had been disturbed, and he replied in the affirmative, and said that after sprinkling some holy water the spirit left him. To be told that it was water out of a common can had the effect of banishing the spectre altogether from the sleeper's mind. If by some chance he had burned his finger with the candle, he would have carried home to Ireland an incontestable proof that the spirit had left an indelible mark upon him.

Professor Fischer describes a remarkable case observed by himself, and others, when a boy at school. A young man, apparently of a hale constitution, and far from exhibiting any symptoms of a nervous temperament, was habitually subject to somnambulism. His fits came on regularly about ten o'clock at night. The scene was a large apartment, containing sixty beds in four rows. He ran about violently, romped, wrestled, and boxed with his companions, who enjoyed the sport at his expense. "I think," says the professor, "I can perfectly well remember that, while running, he always held his hands before him, with his fingers stretched out. He was remarkably agile, and would leap over the beds, and his companions could scarcely ever catch him. When he escaped through the door, he flew through a long gallery to his own apartment. There he rested, frequently taking up a book, and reading softly, or with a loud voice, conducting—if my recollection serves me accurately—his outstretched fingers over the lines. His eyes were alternately open and closed; but even when open they were incapable of vision, being convulsively drawn upward, showing only the white. The general belief that somnambulists see by means of the points of their fingers, as well as the observation that while running our somnambulist always carried his hands and outstretched fingers before him, as if these were his organs of sight, as also his reading (as it appeared to us) by means of the points of his fingers, led us to the idea of tying gloves upon his hands and stockings upon his legs. Besides, we had been informed that during his nightly wanderings he had been known to play at skittles—a game he was very fond of when awake—and that he had always accurately counted the number of pins knocked down by stretching out his fingers in a direction toward them, so correctly, indeed, that it was impossible to deceive or impose upon him. In short, we seized the opportunity of his most profound sleep and insensibility to tie on the gloves and stockings. At the usual time he rose up and sprang out of bed; but although we began to tease and provoke him, he did not move from the spot, but appeared puzzled and perplexed, and groped and tumbled about like a blind or drunken man. At length he perceived the cause of his distress, and tore off the gloves with great violence. Scarcely were his hands uncovered when he started up in a lively manner, and threw the gloves with ironical indignation upon the ground, making a ludicrous observation upon the means taken to blind him; and then he began to run through the apartment as formerly."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A **widow** likes to start on her mournful journey in good style. It tends to make the trip to a second matrimonial state shorter. This particular widow's husband was about to be buried, and sympathizing lady friends had provided the recently bereaved with mourning millinery, etc., without consulting her tastes, not caring to intrude such matters on her sensitive nature at such a time. The result was an unbecoming bonnet, which, when she had taken one glance at it in the mirror, she tossed into one corner, with the remark: "Wear that barn-yard of a bonnet to the funeral! No, ma'am! You can bury the young man at your leisure. I'll stay at home." And there was a flow of real tears.

Sally Jones says when she was in love she felt as if she was in a railway tunnel, with a train of carriages coming both ways.

A correspondent wishes to know if the "Lay on Macduff" was one of Shakspeare's earlier poems.

Pork and Beans—Cincinnati and Boston.

Heat drives mankind to desperation. Were this not the case, no one would consent to be transformed into a scarecrow by the average bathing dress.

No woman was ever known to marry a man whose first remark on being introduced to her was about the weather.

Mr. Flannigan (*reading shop-window announcement*). "Pants for five dollars! Begorra, that's jist what oi pants for mesilf."

Talk of there being no women cannibals! Think of the poet laureate!

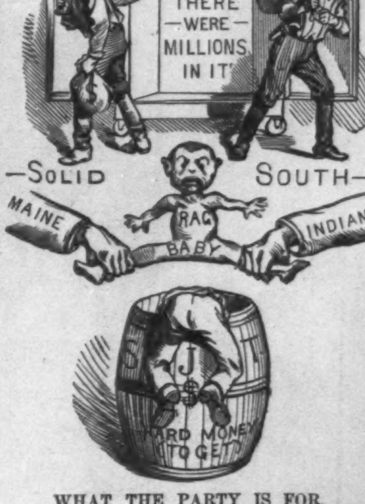
"Only twenty?" "Yes," she explained. "George made me promise when we were married that I would never change. I was twenty then, and I mean to keep my promise."

A young lady who has studied all the "ologies" wants to know if the crack of a rifle is where they put the powder in.

AT A BALL.

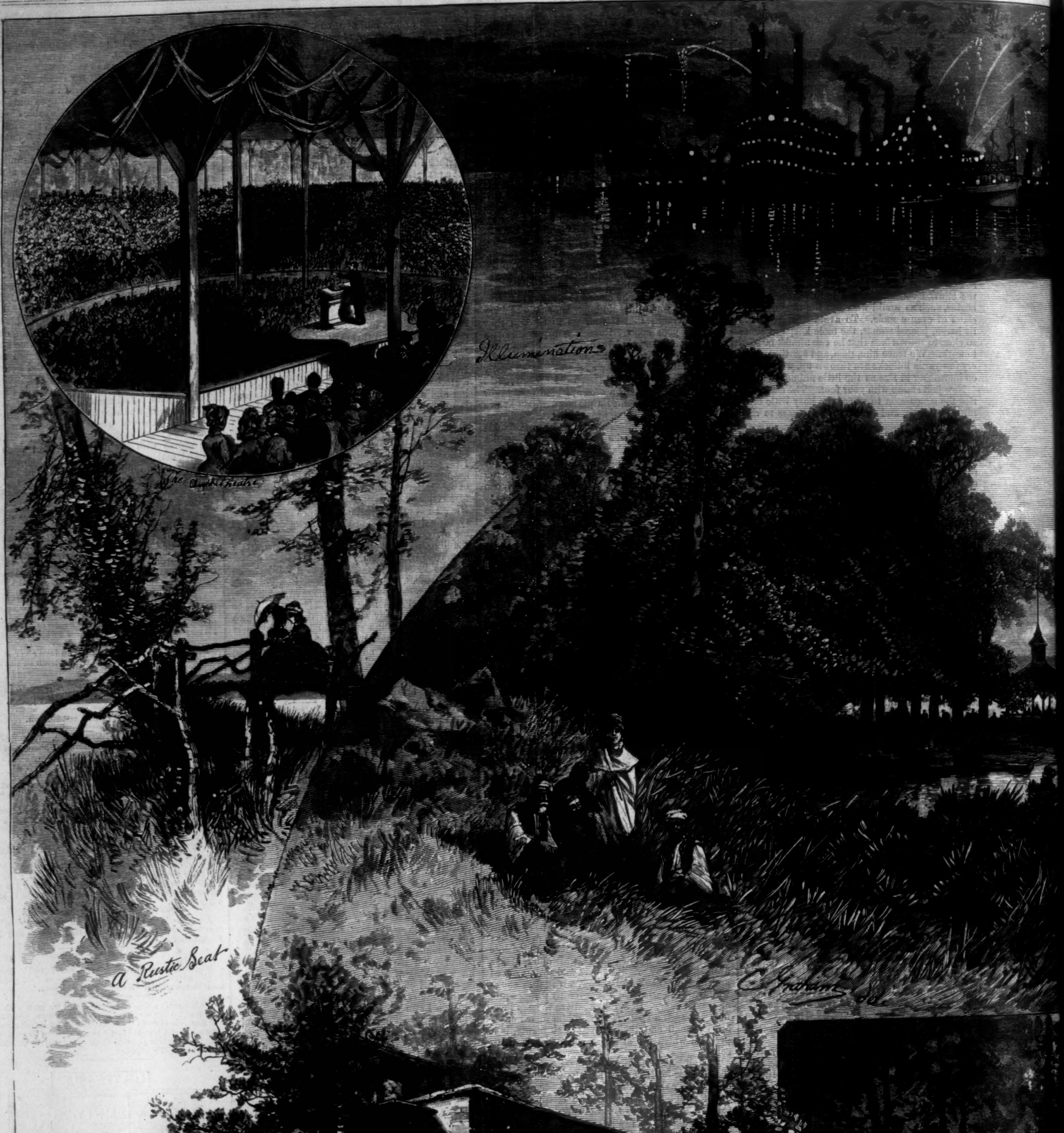
Match-making Mamma (*to her marriageable daughter*). "Virginia dear, don't lose sight of that gentleman in mourning. He may be a widower."

A Californian was speaking about "a man with an iron jaw," when a melancholy-looking man, just from the East, exclaimed: "Ah, yes, I know what that means. The wife from whom I fled was a woman of ire an' jaw." The Californians showed their sympathy by drinking at the stranger's expense.

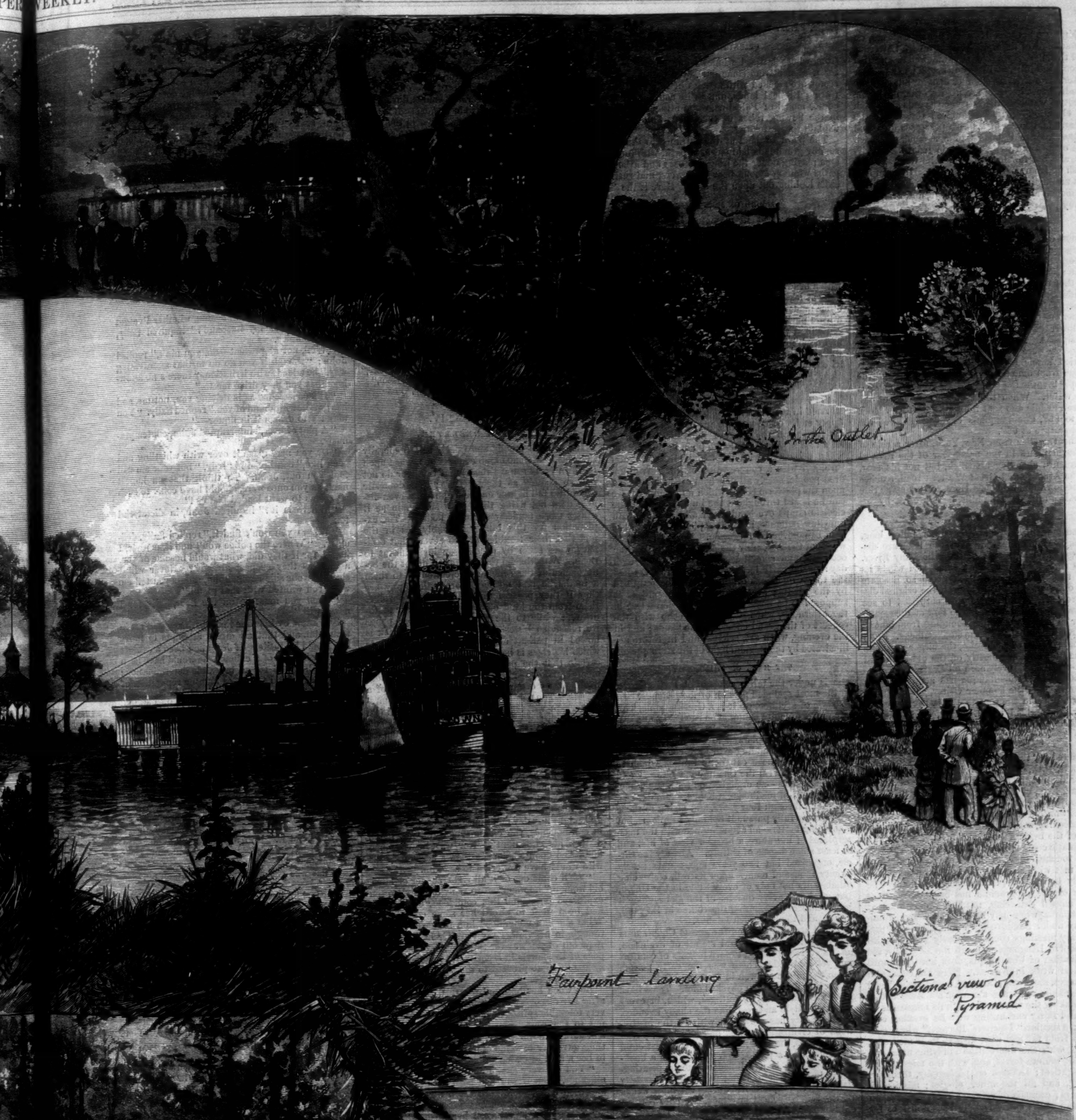


WHAT THE PARTY IS FOR.

Soft Money in Maine and Indiana, for Hard Money in New York, and for "all the Money there is in the Treasury" in the South.
—*New York Tribune.*


The Amphitheatre
Illuminations
A Rustic Seat
C. Graham del.
The Museum
Hall of P

SCENES AT CHAUTAUQUA.—


In the Outlet
Fairpoint landing
Sectional view of Pyramid
Viewing Perrine's Model of Jerusalem
of Philosophy

QUA.—[illegible] by C. Graham.—[See Page 538.]

CHAUTAUQUA.

Midway between New York and Chicago, on the summit of the water-shed of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, Lake Chautauqua lies nestled among the hills, smiling down upon her greater sister Lake Erie, seven miles distant, but as many hundred feet lower in level. No other navigable sheet of water on the continent stands at so high an elevation—fourteen hundred feet above the ocean; and none of its size possesses an equal tonnage, since it boasts of a steamer for each one of its twenty-three miles in length. No rivers, and but few brooks, supply its waters, which gush up from cool natural springs. In form it is not unlike the new moon, straightened out a little, festooned along its edges by bays, and broken by many points. One of these,

LONG POINT,

almost cuts it asunder, and shows the fitness of its Indian name, *Chautauqua*, said to have the unromantic meaning, "a bag tied in the middle." Indian archæologists of high authority, however, tell us that once the *Jat-te-ca* tribe hunted around its borders, and that their name was by the French *voyageurs* softened into the word Chautauqua. At the upper end of the lake is the village of Mayville, at its lower the thriving city of Jamestown, famed for its alpacas. A few years ago the shores along the lake-side were almost a wilderness; now many-storied hotels loom up on the banks, cottages gleam from among the forests, and thousands of people breathe the mountain air ever fresh across the water. When the first "hot wave" of the season awhile ago sent the mercury at New York up to 99°, Chautauquans calmly registered the temperature at 68°.

The traveller from New York, after a ride of eighteen hours in the palace-car of the Erie, at Salamanca changing his track, but not his seat, to the Atlantic and Great Western road, reaches Jamestown about noon. Here, after a stage ride of half a mile over the hills, he is greeted by

THE OUTLET,

a most picturesque stream three miles long, through which the waters of the lake are discharged into a branch of the Alleghany River. It is scarcely wider than a canal, and winds its way through a primeval everglade so desolate that one almost imagines himself the original discoverer, and would scarcely be surprised to see an Indian canoe cut across the bow of the steamer, or to hear a war-whoop sounding from among the tree-tops brushed by the smoke-stacks. From the narrowness of the outlet, the larger steamers plying the lake are mostly of the old-fashioned stern-wheel sort, rarely seen on Eastern waters.

Though Lake Chautauqua has attractions for the tourist and the summer visitor, yet its greatest fame lies in the fact that it is the Mecca of the Sunday-school world. Here, in 1874, was established the first

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ASSEMBLY,

originated by the fertile brain of Rev. **John H. Vincent**, D.D., of New York, and aided by the financial strength and business ability of **Lewis Miller**, Esq., of Akron, Ohio. The purpose of the projector was to bring together the Sunday-school workers of the land for mutual conference and encouragement, for the illustration and discussion of the best methods, and for instruction in a systematic course of study, embracing all the subjects touched upon in the teacher's work. The plan met with success, and the Chautauqua Assembly became a permanent institution. The scope of the programme has been enlarged at each annual gathering, until now one finds at Chautauqua what may be called a summer university under Sunday-school auspices. Its preliminary meetings commence early in July with a School of Languages, though the Assembly, the culmination of Chautauqua, does not open until the first week in August. Here are classes in languages, modern and ancient, even the mediæval Anglo-Saxon receiving attention; a Musical College making the woods echo with its rehearsals by day, and fairly enchanting with its evening concerts; a secular "Teachers' Retreat," where educators from far and wide display their methods; classes with the microscope studying nature in its most minute forms, and with the telescope in its mightiest; lectures on philosophy, theology, biology, and all the other ologies; missionary meetings; councils of reform; conferences upon Christian work; and especially normal classes for the training of Sunday-school teachers; for amid the manifold outworkings of the Chautauqua scheme, its original purpose has ever been maintained, and the Sunday-school kept in the foreground.

A rambler among the winding avenues of the encampment during the Assembly will find quite a contrast in its pictures. From a building on the upper plateau of the grounds he hears the jargon of half a dozen languages taught at once in as many rooms; in the Temple, close at hand, there may be a children's meeting, with three hundred eager faces toward the blackboard, on which an artist is sketching a cartoon; or a Kindergarten exposition, with scores of students. In another place a sculptor with deft fingers is teaching a class to model in clay. There is a tent with twenty microscopes, through each of which an eye is peering, under the direction of the lady professor. There is

THE PARK OF PALESTINE,

with its miniature Mount Hermon, having a white, snow-clad summit looking down the deep ravine of the Jordan. From this spot our artist has given us a view of the wharf (though he can not represent its ever-varying panorama of sail and steam craft), with the bluffs of Point Chautauqua beyond. On this Palestine Park groups of students may often be seen locating the sacred places, and occasionally a company in Oriental costume impart a Scriptural flavor to the landscape. Near the park is the

ORIENTAL HOUSE,

from whose latticed windows one almost looks for a glance from some dark-eyed Cairene. Its rooms are stocked with articles of interest illustrating Biblical lands, and in its court is an accurate model of Palestine, while attendants clad in the flowing robes of the Orient exhibit and explain the curiosities.

The point of land at the entrance to the Assembly grounds is laid out as a park, with fountains playing under the trees, statuary and arbors, paths winding among beds of flowers, and rustic seats looking out upon the lake. Here is the

MODEL OF JERUSALEM,

about thirty feet in diameter, in which every house of the city as it now stands is represented, with the Mosque of Omar on the spot where once rose the Temple, and Olivet and the surrounding hills looming up across the valleys. Under the brilliant rays of the electric light the model beams with a beauty which probably surpasses the original—at least in its present condition. There are other models in different parts of the ground. In a little park, which was planted with trees in the centennial year, stands a slice of the Great Pyramid done in cement. Near by are the curtained walls of the Jewish Tabernacle, surrounded by its court, and containing its altars and furniture.

THE AMPHITHEATRE

is the grand audience-hall of Chautauqua. It is situated in a natural ravine, banked across at the upper end. The seats are arranged in semicircular tiers upon the sides of the valley, and over all a roof is placed. Though plain in its exterior, when decorated with flags and streamers, and thronged with a congregation of thirty-five hundred people, nearly all of whom are looking *down* upon the platform (from which an ordinary voice can be heard throughout the building), while the electric lamps overhead cover all the scene with a mellow radiance, it forms a picture which once seen can never be forgotten. During the three weeks of the Assembly the Amphitheatre is often occupied, and sometimes filled four times each day: in the early lecture, at eight o'clock, when the tough questions of philosophy are grappled by the giants; at eleven, when the subject is supposed to be more popular in its character; in the afternoon, when the valleys echo with the concert of the grand choir and the bands; and in the evening, when art, science, and literature are illustrated by the calcium light of the stereopticon.

THE HALL OF PHILOSOPHY

stands under the tall beeches of St. Paul's Grove, in the most secluded portion of the grounds. In its style of architecture it is a Greek temple, with open rows of white columns on each side, at a distance suggesting the Parthenon, as if the Acropolis had been transplanted to Chautauqua. This hall and its surrounding grove are consecrated to the C. L. S. C., those cabalistic initials which to the initiated reveal the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle—an organization for home study, with courses of reading, text-books, examinations, extending through four years, and giving to those who successfully pursue it not only a diploma, but something better—an acquaintance with the masterpieces of literature, a broader view of life, and at least some degree of culture. Already the Circle, organized but two years ago, counts nearly twenty thousand names upon its roll, embracing inhabitants not only of every State in the Union, but of almost every quarter of the globe, since it has members prosecuting the course in England, Japan, and the Sandwich Islands.

In its accommodations for guests Chautauqua has passed through several stages of evolution, and is still progressing toward heights of comfort not yet attained. There was the early period, when the pilgrims dwelt in tents, and fed upon a better intellectual than physical diet. Tents have mostly given place to cottages, which, in every variety of style and cost, line the shady avenues. A forest city has grown up, with all the institutions of civilization, stores of every kind, physicians' offices, the telegraph and its youngest child the telephone, a photograph gallery, and a book-stand. There is a full-fledged steam printing-office, in which a morning paper, *The Assembly Daily Herald*, is published during the three weeks of the Sunday-school meetings. A cozy cottage on Simpson Avenue bears the sign **Harper & Brothers**, and forms the Chautauqua head-quarters of the **Magazine**, **Weekly**, **Bazar**, and **Young People**.

A structure curiously combining boards and canvas tents, named—perhaps in irony—the Palace Hotel, has been for three years past the principal place of entertainment; but now it is being taken down (in sections, for such an ornament to the grounds could scarcely be spared all at once), and in its place are rising the ample halls and apartments of a genuine hotel, whose domed roof will ere long look out upon the lake. If its *cuisine* shall prove equal to its appearance, then for the first time will the body and the mind enjoy an equal chance at Chautauqua.

Our readers, however, must not suppose that these groves are devoted to literature and science alone. There are

RECREATIONS AT CHAUTAUQUA.

These winding paths among the trees give opportunity for many a quiet ramble, either solitary or in chosen companionship. There are nooks with rustic seats from which one may look out upon choice bits of lake scenery framed in green leaves. There are boats for rowing parties, and sometimes Sunday-school people are seen carrying home to their tents strings of fish, and bearing upon their countenances a guilty look suggestive of a suspicion that they have forsaken the Normal Class, and, like the Apostle **Peter**, gone a-fishing. The old Auditorium under the trees, now that its meetings have been transferred to the more commodious Amphitheatre, has been given up to the great choir for their rehearsals, which all day draw hundreds to listen to the music, and give time during the pauses for some few of the more worldly-minded to do a little innocent flirting. On several evenings during the Assembly grand pyrotechnic demonstrations are given (no reference to the speakers in the meetings). From the little wharf rockets are sent up, and colored lights are burned, while the steamers and smaller craft on the lake, hung with Chinese lanterns from stem to stern, sail round and round in circles before the gaze of thousands crowding Palestine Park and the shores. One might imagine himself at the Feast of Lanterns on the Yang-tse-kiang, until he sees one of the Yankee Turks straying out of the Oriental House, and then he is ready to swear that it is an Arabian Night, after all, that Dr. **Vincent** is only Caliph **Haroun-al-Raschid** in disguise, and that Sindbad the Sailor will soon step ashore from his seventh voyage on Chautauqua Lake.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1208.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ANOTHER DESERTER.

It has been cruelly and falsely said (generally in excuse for some harsh conduct or neglect upon our own parts toward them) that the poor do not feel so acutely as their betters; that domestic calamities fall lighter on them; and that even disease does not wring them with such pain as it causes more tenderly nurtured bodies. The explanation for this fallacy probably lies in the fact that their troubles are so severe that ordinary woes seem by comparison insignificant to them. A toothache that makes *us* doubt the benevolence of the scheme of creation is to them a toothache and nothing more, and happy are they if they possess the shilling that absolves them from the kind offices of an amateur tooth-drawer; while to the rheumatism, whose pangs we resent so bitterly, the field-laborer's back is bowed in patient acquiescence, as to an ill to which his class is heir. On the other hand, it is certain that the poor are not easily affected by mental anxiety—a fortunate thing for those whose livelihood so often depends on the caprice of a master. The carelessness with which the domestic servant will leave her "place," the readiness with which the workman will throw up his employment, and trust to the chapter of accidents for a new situation, are marvellous. Risks do not appall them; misfortune, as a rule, throws no shadow upon them until it is actually at their doors.

Hence it was that though Mr. John Rutherford could not but be aware that he was looked upon with public suspicion in reference to Mr. Helston's disappearance and the missing diamonds, and might any day find himself in "Queer Street" in consequence, the circumstance did not much disturb his equanimity. Nor was he so much distressed upon Master Matthew's account as his wife would have preferred to see him.

"*He*'ll come out of it all right, sooner or later, old woman," he was wont to reply to Sally's often expressed fears, and this confidence on his part had been wont to afford her some consolation. What she had understood him to mean was that though, in his view, Lady Pargiter had put Matthew out of the way for the time, in order to dispose of the jewels in security, that she was by no means likely to proceed to the last extremity and murder him.

But when her husband returned that evening, after her discovery of the pistol, and as usual in very tolerable spirits, all her former surmises were put to the rout. She felt comfort in nothing, and sure of nothing except that his lively whistling gave her extreme annoyance, for it seemed to her a sign of callousness.

"You are very gay, John," she said, with significance, "but if you had been with me to-day, and seen how poor Mrs. Helston was looking, it would have sobered you."

"Sobered me?" returned her husband. "So help me Bob, I have touched nothing but beer—and only a pint of that—the livelong day."

"Oh, I don't mean drink, and it's my belief you know well enough that I don't, John. It's your reckless devil-me-care way of going on that shocks *me*."

"Well, you've mentioned drink, Sally," replied the cabman, to all appearance in genuine astonishment, "and hang me if I don't think you've been at the gin-bottle. Because Master Matthew has been kidnapped (for that's what's happened, I'll bet a shiner), and his missus is naturally cut up about it, is it therefore a sin for me to whistle?"

"The sin ain't in the whistling," replied his lady, darkly. "A man sometimes whistles to hide the remorse as is a-gnawing of him."

"Annoying of him?" replied honest John, for whom this eloquence was too high-flying. "To my mind, it's a deuced sight more annoying than whistling to find black looks and an empty supper table when you come home after a hard day's work."

"You shall have your supper, John, directly," said Sally, somewhat moved by this reproof, albeit it was the first time she had forgotten to prepare her husband's meal for him for many a day; "though, for my part, I wonder at some persons possessing an appetite, with such a weight upon their minds."

"A weight? One would really suppose I had got Mr. Matthew Helston in my pocket," exclaimed John, looking round on space appealingly.

"I don't know *what* you've got in your pocket, not I," returned Mrs. Rutherford, fixing him with her eye; "perhaps another loaded pistol."

John's face did not easily turn color—exposure to the weather and pretty liberal potations having made it tolerably "fast"—but through its ordinary hue of blue and red "came a color and a light, as I've seen the rosy red blushing in the northern night," and at the same time his glance mechanically wandered to the top of the wardrobe.

"Oh yes, that's where it was," cried Sally, sardonically; "and it's no use denying that you put it there. May I ask you, John Rutherford, what an honest cabman can want of loaded pistols?"

Notwithstanding that he was by nature somewhat garrulous, Mr. Rutherford kept silence for some moments. He scratched his huge and tangled head; his great body swayed from side to side in mental perturbation; and after all there came this *ridiculus mus* of a reply:

"You may ask, of course; there's no law agin asking as I'm aweer on. But as to answering—well, I sha'n't, and that's flat."

"You'll tell me, at all events, whether I've got a murderer for my husband?" inquired Sally, with solemnity.

"Well, not at present—no, you ain't," replied John; "though if you go on in that aggravating way," he added, with irritation, "there's no knowing what you may drive me to."

"It's conscience as is driving you, not me, and has got the whip-hand of you," replied Sally. "You may try to drown it in liquor—"

"A pint of beer," interrupted John, contemptuously.

"Or you may glaze it over with whistling and such like," continued his lady, "but your sin will find you out, John. To think that an honest man, as you once were, should have come to such a pass as to want loaded pistols!"

"Where is it?" inquired John, in dictatorial tones.

"Where you won't find it," replied Sally, defiantly. "Where the police won't find it, neither, I hope; for if they did, what would become of you, a man as they suspect already? Never will I sleep by your side again, John, unless you tell me what you wanted with that pistol."

"Then you must lie on the floor, Sally, for I never will."

She knew by his tone that obstinacy had set in with him, and that all direct attempts to move him would be futile. If John had been a cabinet minister instead of a cabman he would have been justly celebrated for an inflexible determination; as it was, he had the more humble reputation of being the pig-headedest man in Hybla Mews.

"Don't let's quarrel, John," said Sally, humbly. "Whatever you've done, it is my duty to stick by you. But I think a wife—and a good one, such as I have been to you—"

He nodded with the gravity of a judge: so far the Court was with her.

"I think, I say, I have a right to your confidence. As it is, I don't even know how to defend you. Do you think I walked to Cavendish Grove to-day and back only to comfort poor dear Miss Sabey as was? No, John, it was also to clear your character in her eyes. And I thank Heaven I did it. 'Do you think my John,' says I, 'would have knowingly done any harm to Master Matthew?'"

"That was right enough," said John, approvingly.

"Yes; but how can I feel that it was right enough *now?* How can I lay my hand upon my heart and say, 'My husband is as innocent as the babe unborn,' when I know he carries a loaded pistol? Honest folks don't carry such things, but only thieves and murderers."

"Then it's a pity you found it," said John, cunningly, and in a tone of satisfaction at his own logical acumen. "The less you knows, the better you seems to manage. I'm not a-going to tell you why I bought that there pistol, Sally; but I will tell you this much for your comfort—the use of it, whatever it was, is dead and gone. You may keep it for yourself, to shoot the beetles with, for all I care."

"*I* keep it! I wouldn't have such a thing in *my* house, far less my hand, for its weight in gold. I've throwed it into the water-butt."

"Don't you think it'll give rather a taste to the tea?" suggested Mr. Rutherford. "Iron, they say, is strengthening to the system, but I am not so sure about powder and lead."

"Then it *was* loaded, John?" said Sally, despondingly.

"Well, yes it was; but I'll say this much—and, mind you, it's the very last I *will* say—that pistol was not meant to do any harm to Master Matthew; quite the contrary."

"I thank Heaven for that, John," exclaimed Sally, with genuine satisfaction. But the next moment her brow became clouded. She wished to ask him a certain question which she could not master courage to put into words.

"I think you had better fish that pistol out," he said, suddenly, "and then throw it away somewhere. As you say, if the police found it, it might bring some one into trouble."

Sally did not ask who the some one was, but instantly took up the tongs and went out on the veranda. The night had fallen by that time, and no one standing in the Mews could have seen what she was about. Nevertheless, there was a star or two the light of which was sufficient to indicate the surface of the water—only it did not do so. Sally knew, however, where to find the butt, and kneeling on the wooden gallery, thrust down the tongs in the direction of it. But they only struck against its wooden walls.

"Why, the water has leaked out, John," she whispered, in a frightened tone. "That's a strange thing."

"It would be much stranger if the pistol had flowed through the spigot," answered John, with the air of one who understands practical science. "There's a ladder agin the butt below—" But Sally had already run down stairs to carry out the suggested plan. She was longer away than could be accounted for by the nature of her errand, and when she came back her look of alarm had turned to one of positive terror.

"The pistol's gone, John."

"What d'ye mean?" he said. "Gone off of itself, and in a butt of water!"

"No; the spigot's out. Some one has drawed off the water, and taken away the pistol."

"Whew!" Though written as a monosyllable, this word was prolonged, in Mr. Rutherford's lips, to a quite extraordinary extent, and his face wore a very serious expression as he uttered it. "The perleece have been at their little games," he murmured. "Well, let 'em. He must be out of harm's way by this time."

"*Who* must be out of harm's way?" inquired Sally, quickly.

"Never you mind," he answered, gruffly; "you've meddled enough already for one day. If you hadn't found that there pistol, the perleece would not have found it. Can't you leave things alone? Let's have supper, will you? If you say another word about the pistol or Master Matthew, I'm off to the 'Rising Sun.'"

There was nothing Mrs. Rutherford disliked more than her husband leaving her for the public-house, and just now, of all times, it was terrible to her to have him out of her sight; so she proceeded to lay the supper table without a word. She now felt certain that he had compromised himself in the Moore Street affair, but no longer feared that he had done harm to Mr. Helston. He had said that that pistol was bought not to harm him, but "quite the contrary." Now "quite the contrary" could only mean to help him—to further some scheme of Mr. Helston's own. Moreover, to whom could he have referred but to Mr. Helston when he had muttered to himself, 'He must be out of harm's way by this time?" Her husband was no murderer, and perhaps no thief in any personal sense, but she knew how strong were his likes and dislikes, his notions of sticking to his friends, and never betraying them. And in spite of herself, she now entertained a dreadful apprehension that he had been playing into his friend's and employer's hands.

And thus of the faithful few that still believed in Matthew Helston's innocence as respected the Pargiter diamonds, one more had gone over, if not to the Enemy, to the Majority.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE POSTHUMOUS LETTER.

READER, has it ever fallen to your duty to open the desk of one very dear to you, and who is dead, and to suffer anew the parting with him at the sight of every "trivial fond record"? There is scarcely one of all the sad experiences to which human nature is heir more pathetic, more heartbreaking. His handwriting lies before you, with his thoughts still living in it, though the fingers that set them down are cold in death. Here is a faded flower, memorial of you know not what, but doubtless of some tender time; its blossom has withered, its stalk is dry, but it has not yet become dust as he has. There are letters from others, tied round with loving care, and doubtless intended to be read again by eyes to whom the page of Futurity alone is now open. Perhaps one of your own letters is among them: let us hope a kind one. How strangely has it altered to your view! It is no longer a mere vehicle of your own feelings, but has become a material link with the other world.

On such a bitter task, on Friday, December 18, exactly one week after her husband's disappearance, Mrs. Helston was engaged. She was not certain, it is true, that her Matthew was dead. She wore no outward mark of the widow about her—save in the wan cheek and the hollow eye—but her heart was almost as hopeless and forlorn as though she had been one. She had undertaken this sad office under the combined advice of Uncle Stephen and Mr. Barlow; not that they expected aught to come of it, but because it was just possible—in the absence of all other explanations of the enigma—that some clew to the mystery of this absence might be discovered among his own documents. The very suggestion, as they were well aware, had the elements of suspicion or disparagement about it; but that, as they foresaw, never entered into Sabey's mind. They had put it to her in this way: "It is possible, just possible, that Matthew has come to harm at the hand of some private enemy. So far as we know, it is true, he had none; nay, he himself may have been unaware of the existence of such a person; and yet it may be otherwise. We think that every private paper should be examined which may throw the least light upon his relations with other people."

At first Sabey showed great unwillingness to accede to this proposal. It seemed to her irreverent, she said, thus to pry into her lost husband's affairs, but her real reason was that the fact of her so doing seemed a tacit admission that he was lost to her forever. It could affect the fact, of course, neither one way nor the other, but the feeling well may be excused when we consider how many matter-of-fact and otherwise sensible persons object to make their wills. In the end, however, as we have said, she consented. One of the reasons that had weighed with her, in addition to the chief one, had been a certain argument of Mr. Barlow's:

"In your case," he had said, "dear Sabey, there need be no apprehension of any record coming to light to pain you. Matthew's life was stainless."

His use of the past tense made her lips quiver, but she only bowed her head. Of course Matthew's life had been stainless; but if she refused to do their bidding, they might think, perhaps, that she entertained suspicions to the contrary—an idea that would certainly not have entered her head a week ago; but now, with all the newspapers, and the world that read them, imputing evil to her husband, she had become sensitively jealous for his honor.

Matthew's desk was characteristic of its owner: a plain ink-stained affair, with no conveniences within it such as shelves and drawers, but fastened by a good lock of his own making; the very taking of the key from its bunch was a sore trial to her, and before putting it to its use she cleaned it with a piece of leather—lest it should be rusted with her tears, she said to herself, but in reality to gain time. The contents of the desk were also characteristic. They consisted almost entirely of mathematical calculations; row after row of figures, the meaning of which was utterly unknown to her, but which she guessed rightly had reference to "Madge." They were all beautifully written out, and every paper appeared to be arranged with reference to the others. But dear as had been his hopes in that direction, his heart—or at least the core of it—had lain elsewhere. Every letter—they were not many—she had ever written to him was found there, tied up in two packets. In one were those she had addressed to him as her lover, and dated from the Rectory; in the other the few she had had occasion, since their marriage, to write to him in Poulet Street—for they had never been separated by any longer distance.

"From dearest Sabey" was inscribed on the former, and on the latter, "From my darling wife." It was terrible that the assurance of Love should inflict such cruel pangs. She opened one or two of them: they had not, of course, the power to move her as Matthew's own letters—sacred relics, stored in her own chamber, which she had not had the courage to touch—would have done; but, nevertheless, in recalling the happy past, they shot sharp arrows into her heart. There was also a memorandum of the sums that had been expended by Mr. Durham in the promotion of Madge's interests, and a letter bound up with them by a plain India rubber band, but sealed, addressed, "For Uncle Stephen, in case anything should happen to me."

A strange addition under the circumstances enough, but which did not strike Sabey with much significance. She knew how deeply Matthew had felt his uncle's kindness, and she could easily conceive that gratitude had caused him to make this simple proviso for expressing itself to the good old man in case opportunity should be otherwise denied him. The letter probably also bequeathed his wife and child to his uncle's care, albeit that might have seemed superfluous. To one who had known Matthew Helston less thoroughly his leaving such a document behind him would have looked like a morbid presentiment of death, but to Sabey the incident was easily accountable.

Matthew had a horror of "risks." Because Fortune, perhaps, had gone so ill with him, he had an objection to leave anything to chance; nor would he trust to the most natural contingencies, if it was possible for him to make a thing secure without them. And, moreover, he was always looking to the future. It was therefore without any foreboding as to its contents that Sabey took the letter from its receptacle, and having wiped her tears, carried it into the next room, where Amy and Mr. Durham were sitting.

"Well, darling?" inquired the former, tenderly: she had left her sister to her sad task alone from motives of delicacy, but she read in her face how she had suffered in the ordeal. "Have you found anything?"

Sabey shook her head. "Only what I knew I should find. There is, however, this note for you, Uncle Stephen."

"For me?" said the old man, reading the superscription, "'*For Uncle Stephen, in case anything should happen to me.*'"

"How strange!" exclaimed Amy, with excitement.

Mr. Durham was excited too, and being aware of the fact, he purposely delayed to open the envelope. He felt that presence of mind was necessary in case anything had to be concealed from Sabey.

"I can guess its contents," said she, softly. "Matthew wishes to express to you in writing the thanks you would never listen to from his lips. The note was wrapped up with some memoranda of his money obligations to you. These he might have paid, had the chance been given him: his debt of gratitude never."

"Poor fellow! dear fellow!" murmured Uncle Stephen. "Yes; it is as you say. To his generous nature every little kindness loomed so large."

Sabey could read what had been written to her husband's disparagement; such things turned her heart to steel. But she could not bear to hear him praised; that melted it. With a deep sob she hurried from the room.

Amy was too wise to follow her immediately; and, besides, something in the old man's manner had attracted her attention.

"Can I see that letter, Mr. Durham?"

"I had rather not show it you, my dear," he answered, quietly.

"If it really only contains dear Matthew's expression of his gratitude to you, I can picture it for myself. I know how he loved you."

"It does contain something else, Amy. But it is only a matter of business."

Then Amy gathered up her work, and withdrew to comfort Sabey.

Left alone, Mr. Durham took the letter from his pocket, and re-read it very carefully:

"My dear uncle Stephen," it began. "In case I should not live so long as the tables of the Phoenix [this was his life-assurance company] have calculated, and you should survive me, I wish to add one more item to the long debt of gratitude I owe you. The sense of obligation, like other senses, is, I suppose, blunted by long use, or surely I should feel ashamed at asking any further favor of you. That the service I am about to ask of you must be a secret one—even from my wife, and, indeed, especially from her—will be an additional reason for your undertaking it, for it is your delight, I know, to let your right hand know not what your left hand does for others; it is also a matter of great delicacy, which will further recommend it to your noble nature. When I add that I entreat this kindness of you with my last breath, I feel that I need say no more.

"Please to pay to Lucy Matlock, a young woman at present residing at 80 Bleak Street, Bloomsbury, the sum of 10s. *weekly*, and, if possible, insure the continuance of this allowance after your death. I have only one other favor to ask of you, that, for my sake, you will not seek to inquire into her story. I am, dear Uncle Stephen, your loving and grateful nephew,

"MATTHEW HELSTON."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FARMING IN PORTUGAL.

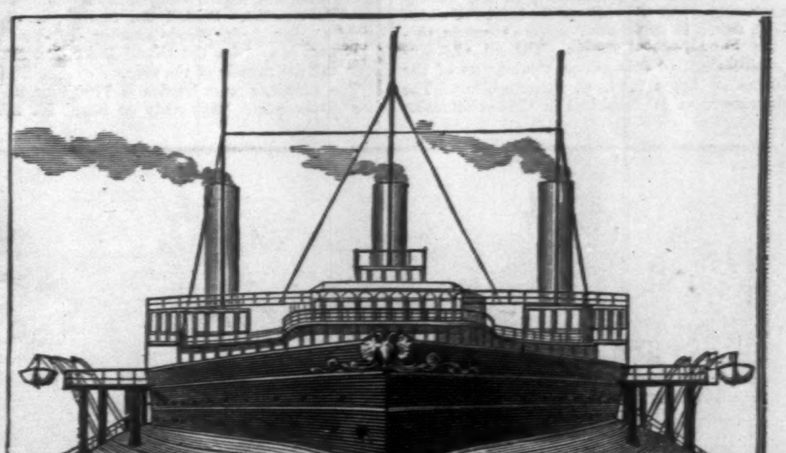
WITH a single exception, the Portuguese system of farming has hardly altered in any respect since they were liable at any moment to be called from their labors to repel the raids of their fierce neighbors beyond the Spanish frontier. That important exception is the introduction of maize, which, happening to suit both the soil and the climate, has materially increased the value of their produce. As for the implements of husbandry in common use, there can be nothing in the country more interesting to the antiquarian, not even excepting the Roman remains which have here and there rewarded the investigations of archæologists. In fact, the ploughs, harrows, and carts have been handed down almost unaltered from generation to generation since they were brought from Italy by the military colonists who followed the imperial eagles. So, by-the-way, the grape-growing, and the making of the wine beyond the limits of the famous districts on the Douro, are almost a repetition of processes in use in Latium when Horace used to amuse himself with his Sabine farming. The plough has but a single stilt, and neither coulter nor mould-board.

The harrow is also of the rudest construction, having fifteen to twenty teeth of iron or wood set quincunx fashion into a strong oblong square wooden frame-work with two cross-bars. Rollers are unknown; but as a substitute the harrow can be reversed and weighted with stones, and then drawn sledgewise over the land.

As for the cart, it creaks and groans on wheels of solid wood, without either spoke or iron tire, which are attached to the axle that painfully revolves with them. The "slow-moving wain" is dragged by sluggish oxen, yoked by the neck, and sometimes by the horns.

The conspicuous feature of Portuguese farming is the small capital with which it may be profitably carried on. The husbandman dispenses with drainage, for the soil being light and porous, the rain-fall runs off only too quickly. Though he raises cattle, he spends nothing on oil-cake, the animals, which are stall-fed for the most part, seeming to fatten kindly upon straw. As for the sheep, they are driven out to the hill pastures; and the pig, though as popular in the kitchen and on the table as it is politely ignored in respectable society, leaves much to desire in point of breeding. But if the bones are big and the bristles coarse, that is of the less consequence that the pork is reserved for home consumption. When the Portuguese does spend some money, it is on indispensable irrigation-works, and these are simple. He leads the water on to his land through adits driven into the springs in the hills, or pumps it up in the circle of buckets attached to the primitive wheel. In most of the more level low-country districts maize is the staple article of growth, being often mixed in the sowing with some other cereal or vegetable.

The chief secret of the farmer's easy prosperity is in his being able to set the rules of rotation at defiance. Year after year, in the summer heats, the same land may be sown with the remunerative maize. He manages this upon shallow soil that is naturally the reverse of rich, by the use of two "simples," to borrow the phrase of the blacksmith who interviewed Sir Walter Scott when the poet visited Flodden Field; and these simples, in his case, are water and home-made manure. The fertilizing effects of water on friable soil under a semi-tropical sun are extraordinary, and the land is enriched by a manner of manuring altogether peculiar to Portugal. The straw is almost entirely used for cattle food. The litter is supplied by dried gorse, heather, and the various wild plants, such as bracken, cistus, rock-rose, bent-grass, and wild vetches, which usually grow in their company. Most farmers have a patch of wild forest land in the neighborhood; in other cases they have rights of cutting. The decaying manure made from that litter is extraordinarily potent, thanks to the power of the twigs and stems in absorbing gases and moisture, while the economy of a plan is self-evident by which all the straw grown on the land is returned to it.



THE "LIVADIA."

THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL STEAM-YACHT.

AN extraordinary novelty in ship-building was recently launched at the building yard of Messrs. JOHN ELDER & Co., Govan, on the Clyde, just below Glasgow. This was the great new steam-yacht *Livadia*, constructed for the Emperor ALEXANDER II. of Russia, to take the place of an imperial yacht of the same name which was wrecked a year or two since in the Black Sea.

The shape of the *Livadia*, of which we give a picture on page 540, is quite unlike any vessel that ever went to sea. Her hull is something between oval and rhomboid, or rather in the shape of a turbot; at the widest part the breadth is 153 feet—more than three-fifths of the length, which is 235 feet. There is a pointed bow or beak, and an obtusely pointed stern. The depth of the fish-like raft in the centre is 18 feet, and the water-line is only 6 feet above the lowest point. At the stern a small depression, making a draught of 16 feet in all, is made, to give the screws water to work in. There is no free-board, and stability is given by breadth and weight. There are three keels, one in the centre, the others placed 18 feet to right and left of the central keel. The bottom has a flat area of 14,500 square feet. At the edges the surface trends out and upward, all round the ship, toward the water-line. But as soon as the ordinary water-line is reached a change is made in the direction of the curves. The outward slope is succeeded by a slope inward, which continues till the perpendicular depth of 20 feet has been given to the substructure. It gradually rises to this all round. In the middle of the back of the fish there is a wide flat space of about 15,000 square feet. This supports a floating marine palace, which rises 40 feet above the water. The turbot-like lower portion of the vessel is built of steel, with a double bottom, the height of which is not less than 3 feet 6 inches in the centre. The double bottom is divided into forty water-tight compartments, throughout the flat portion. At the sides it is superseded by the cells formed by running two vertical bulk-heads round the ship, subdividing the space between the middle and the outside skin into forty other compartments. These side cells, formed of continuous bulk-heads, and covered by the plating of the rounded deck, present a very rigid, continuous, annular structure, which has its lower points tied together by the radial girders, forming the bracket framing of the bottom, and by the heavy beams of the rounded deck, also radial, at the top. Thus the lower portion of the vessel is made strong enough to withstand the roughest seas.

The turbot-like lower part of the vessel contains machinery, coals, and stores of all kinds. The steel superstructure, in its main portion, contains accommodation for the crew forward and the officers aft, while the palace above its deck includes the imperial apartments and the cabins for the suite.

Around the deck of the main superstructure, outside the palace erected upon this deck, runs a continuous gallery, which is used for stowing anchors, mooring the vessel, hoisting up boats, steam-launches, and a small steam-yacht carried on the davits, supported by bridges projecting outward. The roof of the palace is carried to the same width as the main superstructure, over the gallery, shading from sun or rain the lower story of the palace, and widening the open promenade above.

The apartments for the Emperor and the suite

CHAUTAUQUA.

Midway between New York and Chicago, on the summit of the water-shed of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, Lake Chautauqua lies nestled among the hills, smiling down upon her greater sister Lake Erie, seven miles distant, but as many hundred feet lower in level. No other navigable sheet of water on the continent stands at so high an elevation—fourteen hundred feet above the ocean; and none of its size possesses an equal tonnage, since it boasts of a steamer for each one of its twenty-three miles in length. No rivers, and but few brooks, supply its waters, which gush up from cool natural springs. In form it is not unlike the new moon, straightened out a little, festooned along its edges by bays, and broken by many points. One of these,

LONG POINT,

almost cuts it asunder, and shows the fitness of its Indian name, *Chautauqua*, said to have the unromantic meaning, "a bag tied in the middle." Indian archæologists of high authority, however, tell us that once the *Jat-te-ca* tribe hunted around its borders, and that their name was by the French *voyageurs* softened into the word Chautauqua. At the upper end of the lake is the village of Mayville, at its lower the thriving city of Jamestown, famed for its alpacas. A few years ago the shores along the lake-side were almost a wilderness; now many-storied hotels loom up on the banks, cottages gleam from among the forests, and thousands of people breathe the mountain air ever fresh across the water. When the first "hot wave" of the season awhile ago sent the mercury at New York up to 99°, Chautauquans calmly registered the temperature at 68°.

The traveller from New York, after a ride of eighteen hours in the palace-car of the Erie, at Salamanca changing his track, but not his seat, to the Atlantic and Great Western road, reaches Jamestown about noon. Here, after a stage ride of half a mile over the hills, he is greeted by

THE OUTLET,

a most picturesque stream three miles long, through which the waters of the lake are discharged into a branch of the Alleghany River. It is scarcely wider than a canal, and winds its way through a primeval everglade so desolate that one almost imagines himself the original discoverer, and would scarcely be surprised to see an Indian canoe cut across the bow of the steamer, or to hear a war-whoop sounding from among the tree-tops brushed by the smoke-stacks. From the narrowness of the outlet, the larger steamers plying the lake are mostly of the old-fashioned stern-wheel sort, rarely seen on Eastern waters.

Though Lake Chautauqua has attractions for the tourist and the summer visitor, yet its greatest fame lies in the fact that it is the Mecca of the Sunday-school world. Here, in 1874, was established the first

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ASSEMBLY,

originated by the fertile brain of Rev. John H. Vincent, D.D., of New York, and aided by the financial strength and business ability of Lewis Miller, Esq., of Akron, Ohio. The purpose of the projector was to bring together the Sunday-school workers of the land for mutual conference and encouragement, for the illustration and discussion of the best methods, and for instruction in a systematic course of study, embracing all the subjects touched upon in the teacher's work. The plan met with success, and the Chautauqua Assembly became a permanent institution. The scope of the programme has been enlarged at each annual gathering, until now one finds at Chautauqua what may be called a summer university under Sunday-school auspices. Its preliminary meetings commence early in July with a School of Languages, though the Assembly, the culmination of Chautauqua, does not open until the first week in August. Here are classes in languages, modern and ancient, even the mediæval Anglo-Saxon receiving attention; a Musical College making the woods echo with its rehearsals by day, and fairly enchanting with its evening concerts; a secular "Teachers' Retreat," where educators from far and wide display their methods; classes with the microscope studying nature in its most minute forms, and with the telescope in its mightiest; lectures on philosophy, theology, biology, and all the other ologies; missionary meetings; councils of reform; conferences upon Christian work; and especially normal classes for the training of Sunday-school teachers; for amid the manifold outworkings of the Chautauqua scheme, its original purpose has ever been maintained, and the Sunday-school kept in the foreground.

A rambler among the winding avenues of the encampment during the Assembly will find quite a contrast in its pictures. From a building on the upper plateau of the grounds he hears the jargon of half a dozen languages taught at once in as many rooms; in the Temple, close at hand, there may be a children's meeting, with three hundred eager faces toward the blackboard, on which an artist is sketching a cartoon; or a Kindergarten exposition, with scores of students. In another place a sculptor with deft fingers is teaching a class to model in clay. There is a tent with twenty microscopes, through each of which an eye is peering, under the direction of the lady professor. There is

THE PARK OF PALESTINE,

with its miniature Mount Hermon, having a white, snow-clad summit looking down the deep ravine of the Jordan. From this spot our artist has given us a view of the wharf (though he can not represent its ever-varying panorama of sail and steam craft), with the bluffs of Point Chautauqua beyond. On this Palestine Park groups of students may often be seen locating the sacred places, and occasionally a company in Oriental costume impart a Scriptural flavor to the landscape. Near the park is the

ORIENTAL HOUSE,

from whose latticed windows one almost looks for a glance from some dark-eyed Cairene. Its rooms are stocked with articles of interest illustrating Biblical lands, and in its court is an accurate model of Palestine, while attendants clad in the flowing robes of the Orient exhibit and explain the curiosities.

The point of land at the entrance to the Assembly grounds is laid out as a park, with fountains playing under the trees, statuary and arbors, paths winding among beds of flowers, and rustic seats looking out upon the lake. Here is the

MODEL OF JERUSALEM,

about thirty feet in diameter, in which every house of the city as it now stands is represented, with the Mosque of Omar on the spot where once rose the Temple, and Olivet and the surrounding hills looming up across the valleys. Under the brilliant rays of the electric light the model beams with a beauty which probably surpasses the original—at least in its present condition. There are other models in different parts of the ground. In a little park, which was planted with trees in the centennial year, stands a slice of the Great Pyramid done in cement. Near by are the curtained walls of the Jewish Tabernacle, surrounded by its court, and containing its altars and furniture.

THE AMPHITHEATRE

is the grand audience-hall of Chautauqua. It is situated in a natural ravine, banked across at the upper end. The seats are arranged in semicircular tiers upon the sides of the valley, and over all a roof is placed. Though plain in its exterior, when decorated with flags and streamers, and thronged with a congregation of thirty-five hundred people, nearly all of whom are looking *down* upon the platform (from which an ordinary voice can be heard throughout the building), while the electric lamps overhead cover all the scene with a mellow radiance, it forms a picture which once seen can never be forgotten. During the three weeks of the Assembly the Amphitheatre is often occupied, and sometimes filled four times each day: in the early lecture, at eight o'clock, when the tough questions of philosophy are grappled by the giants; at eleven, when the subject is supposed to be more popular in its character; in the afternoon, when the valleys echo with the concert of the grand choir and the bands; and in the evening, when art, science, and literature are illustrated by the calcium light of the stereopticon.

THE HALL OF PHILOSOPHY

stands under the tall beeches of St. Paul's Grove, in the most secluded portion of the grounds. In its style of architecture it is a Greek temple, with open rows of white columns on each side, at a distance suggesting the Parthenon, as if the Acropolis had been transplanted to Chautauqua. This hall and its surrounding grove are consecrated to the C. L. S. C., those cabalistic initials which to the initiated reveal the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle—an organization for home study, with courses of reading, text-books, examinations, extending through four years, and giving to those who successfully pursue it not only a diploma, but something better—an acquaintance with the masterpieces of literature, a broader view of life, and at least some degree of culture. Already the Circle, organized but two years ago, counts nearly twenty thousand names upon its roll, embracing inhabitants not only of every State in the Union, but of almost every quarter of the globe, since it has members prosecuting the course in England, Japan, and the Sandwich Islands.

In its accommodations for guests Chautauqua has passed through several stages of evolution, and is still progressing toward heights of comfort not yet attained. There was the early period, when the pilgrims dwelt in tents, and fed upon a better intellectual than physical diet. Tents have mostly given place to cottages, which, in every variety of style and cost, line the shady avenues. A forest city has grown up, with all the institutions of civilization, stores of every kind, physicians' offices, the telegraph and its youngest child the telephone, a photograph gallery, and a book-stand. There is a full-fledged steam printing-office, in which a morning paper, *The Assembly Daily Herald*, is published during the three weeks of the Sunday-school meetings. A cozy cottage on Simpson Avenue bears the sign Harper & Brothers, and forms the Chautauqua head-quarters of the Magazine, Weekly, Bazar, and Young People.

A structure curiously combining boards and canvas tents, named—perhaps in irony—the Palace Hotel, has been for three years past the principal place of entertainment; but now it is being taken down (in sections, for such an ornament to the grounds could scarcely be spared all at once), and in its place are rising the ample halls and apartments of a genuine hotel, whose domed roof will ere long look out upon the lake. If its *cuisine* shall prove equal to its appearance, then for the first time will the body and the mind enjoy an equal chance at Chautauqua.

Our readers, however, must not suppose that these groves are devoted to literature and science alone. There are

RECREATIONS AT CHAUTAUQUA.

These winding paths among the trees give opportunity for many a quiet ramble, either solitary or in chosen companionship. There are nooks with rustic seats from which one may look out upon choice bits of lake scenery framed in green leaves. There are boats for rowing parties, and sometimes Sunday-school people are seen carrying home to their tents strings of fish, and bearing upon their countenances a guilty look suggestive of a suspicion that they have forsaken the Normal Class, and, like the Apostle Peter, gone a-fishing. The old Auditorium under the trees, now that its meetings have been transferred to the more commodious Amphitheatre, has been given up to the great choir for their rehearsals, which all day draw hundreds to listen to the music, and give time during the pauses for some few of the more worldly-minded to do a little innocent flirting. On several evenings during the Assembly grand pyrotechnic demonstrations are given (no reference to the speakers in the meetings). From the little wharf rockets are sent up, and colored lights are burned, while the steamers and smaller craft on the lake, hung with Chinese lanterns from stem to stern, sail round and round in circles before the gaze of thousands crowding Palestine Park and the shores. One might imagine himself at the Feast of Lanterns on the Yang-tse-kiang, until he sees one of the Yankee Turks straying out of the Oriental House, and then he is ready to swear that it is an Arabian Night, after all, that Dr. Vincent is only Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid in disguise, and that Sindbad the Sailor will soon step ashore from his seventh voyage on Chautauqua Lake.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1208.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ANOTHER DESERTER.

It has been cruelly and falsely said (generally in excuse for some harsh conduct or neglect upon our own parts toward them) that the poor do not feel so acutely as their betters; that domestic calamities fall lighter on them; and that even disease does not wring them with such pain as it causes more tenderly nurtured bodies. The explanation for this fallacy probably lies in the fact that their troubles are so severe that ordinary woes seem by comparison insignificant to them. A toothache that makes *us* doubt the benevolence of the scheme of creation is to them a toothache and nothing more, and happy are they if they possess the shilling that absolves them from the kind offices of an amateur tooth-drawer; while to the rheumatism, whose pangs we resent so bitterly, the field-laborer's back is bowed in patient acquiescence, as to an ill to which his class is heir. On the other hand, it is certain that the poor are not easily affected by mental anxiety—a fortunate thing for those whose livelihood so often depends on the caprice of a master. The carelessness with which the domestic servant will leave her "place," the readiness with which the workman will throw up his employment, and trust to the chapter of accidents for a new situation, are marvellous. Risks do not appall them; misfortune, as a rule, throws no shadow upon them until it is actually at their doors.

Hence it was that though Mr. John Rutherford could not but be aware that he was looked upon with public suspicion in reference to Mr. Helston's disappearance and the missing diamonds, and might any day find himself in "Queer Street" in consequence, the circumstance did not much disturb his equanimity. Nor was he so much distressed upon Master Matthew's account as his wife would have preferred to see him.

"*He*'ll come out of it all right, sooner or later, old woman," he was wont to reply to Sally's often expressed fears, and this confidence on his part had been wont to afford her some consolation. What she had understood him to mean was that though, in his view, Lady Pargiter had put Matthew out of the way for the time, in order to dispose of the jewels in security, that she was by no means likely to proceed to the last extremity and murder him.

But when her husband returned that evening, after her discovery of the pistol, and as usual in very tolerable spirits, all her former surmises were put to the rout. She felt comfort in nothing, and sure of nothing except that his lively whistling gave her extreme annoyance, for it seemed to her a sign of callousness.

"You are very gay, John," she said, with significance, "but if you had been with me to-day, and seen how poor Mrs. Helston was looking, it would have sobered you."

"Sobered me?" returned her husband. "So help me Bob, I have touched nothing but beer—and only a pint of that—the livelong day."

"Oh, I don't mean drink, and it's my belief you know well enough that I don't, John. It's your reckless devil-me-care way of going on that shocks *me*."

"Well, you've mentioned drink, Sally," replied the cabman, to all appearance in genuine astonishment, "and hang me if I don't think you've been at the gin-bottle. Because Master Matthew has been kidnapped (for that's what's happened, I'll bet a shiner), and his missus is naturally cut up about it, is it therefore a sin for me to whistle?"

"The sin ain't in the whistling," replied his lady, darkly. "A man sometimes whistles to hide the remorse as is a-gnawing of him."

"Annoying of him?" replied honest John, for whom this eloquence was too high-flying. "To my mind, it's a deuced sight more annoying than whistling to find black looks and an empty supper table when you come home after a hard day's work."

"You shall have your supper, John, directly," said Sally, somewhat moved by this reproof, albeit it was the first time she had forgotten to prepare her husband's meal for him for many a day; "though, for my part, I wonder at some persons possessing an appetite, with such a weight upon their minds."

"A weight? One would really suppose I had got Mr. Matthew Helston in my pocket," exclaimed John, looking round on space appealingly.

"I don't know *what* you've got in your pocket, not I," returned Mrs. Rutherford, fixing him with her eye; "perhaps another loaded pistol."

John's face did not easily turn color—exposure to the weather and pretty liberal potations having made it tolerably "fast"—but through its ordinary hue of blue and red "came a color and a light, as I've seen the rosy red blushing in the northern night," and at the same time his glance mechanically wandered to the top of the wardrobe.

"Oh yes, that's where it was," cried Sally, sardonically; "and it's no use denying that you put it there. May I ask you, John Rutherford, what an honest cabman can want of loaded pistols?"

Notwithstanding that he was by nature somewhat garrulous, Mr. Rutherford kept silence for some moments. He scratched his huge and tangled head; his great body swayed from side to side in mental perturbation; and after all there came this *ridiculus mus* of a reply:

"You may ask, of course; there's no law agin asking as I'm aweer on. But as to answering—well, I sha'n't, and that's flat."

"You'll tell me, at all events, whether I've got a murderer for my husband?" inquired Sally, with solemnity.

"Well, not at present—no, you ain't," replied John; "though if you go on in that aggravating way," he added, with irritation, "there's no knowing what you may drive me to."

"It's conscience as is driving you, not me, and has got the whip-hand of you," replied Sally. "You may try to drown it in liquor—"

"A pint of beer," interrupted John, contemptuously.

"Or you may glaze it over with whistling and such like," continued his lady, "but your sin will find you out, John. To think that an honest man, as you once were, should have come to such a pass as to want loaded pistols!"

"Where is it?" inquired John, in dictatorial tones.

"Where you won't find it," replied Sally, defiantly. "Where the police won't find it, neither, I hope; for if they did, what would become of you, a man as they suspect already? Never will I sleep by your side again, John, unless you tell me what you wanted with that pistol."

"Then you must lie on the floor, Sally, for I never will."

She knew by his tone that obstinacy had set in with him, and that all direct attempts to move him would be futile. If John had been a cabinet minister instead of a cabman he would have been justly celebrated for an inflexible determination; as it was, he had the more humble reputation of being the pig-headedest man in Hybla Mews.

"Don't let's quarrel, John," said Sally, humbly. "Whatever you've done, it is my duty to stick by you. But I think a wife—and a good one, such as I have been to you—"

He nodded with the gravity of a judge: so far the Court was with her.

"I think, I say, I have a right to your confidence. As it is, I don't even know how to defend you. Do you think I walked to Cavendish Grove to-day and back only to comfort poor dear Miss Sabey as was? No, John, it was also to clear your character in her eyes. And I thank Heaven I did it. 'Do you think my John,' says I, 'would have knowingly done any harm to Master Matthew?'"

"That was right enough," said John, approvingly.

"Yes; but how can I feel that it was right enough *now?* How can I lay my hand upon my heart and say, 'My husband is as innocent as the babe unborn,' when I know he carries a loaded pistol? Honest folks don't carry such things, but only thieves and murderers."

"Then it's a pity you found it," said John, cunningly, and in a tone of satisfaction at his own logical acumen. "The less you knows, the better you seems to manage. I'm not a-going to tell you why I bought that there pistol, Sally; but I will tell you this much for your comfort—the use of it, whatever it was, is dead and gone. You may keep it for yourself, to shoot the beetles with, for all I care."

"*I* keep it! I wouldn't have such a thing in *my* house, far less my hand, for its weight in gold. I've throwed it into the water-butt."

"Don't you think it'll give rather a taste to the tea?" suggested Mr. Rutherford. "Iron, they say, is strengthening to the system, but I am not so sure about powder and lead."

"Then it *was* loaded, John?" said Sally, despondingly.

"Well, yes it was; but I'll say this much—and, mind you, it's the very last I *will* say—that pistol was not meant to do any harm to Master Matthew; quite the contrary."

"I thank Heaven for that, John," exclaimed Sally, with genuine satisfaction. But the next moment her brow became clouded. She wished to ask him a certain question which she could not master courage to put into words.

"I think you had better fish that pistol out," he said, suddenly, "and then throw it away somewhere. As you say, if the police found it, it might bring some one into trouble."

Sally did not ask who the some one was, but instantly took up the tongs and went out on the veranda. The night had fallen by that time, and no one standing in the Mews could have seen what she was about. Nevertheless, there was a star or two the light of which was sufficient to indicate the surface of the water—only it did not do so. Sally knew, however, where to find the butt, and kneeling on the wooden gallery, thrust down the tongs in the direction of it. But they only struck against its wooden walls.

"Why, the water has leaked out, John," she whispered, in a frightened tone. "That's a strange thing."

"It would be much stranger if the pistol had flowed through the spigot," answered John, with the air of one who understands practical science. "There's a ladder agin the butt below—" But Sally had already run down stairs to carry out the suggested plan. She was longer away than could be accounted for by the nature of her errand, and when she came back her look of alarm had turned to one of positive terror.

"The pistol's gone, John."

"What d'ye mean?" he said. "Gone off of itself, and in a butt of water!"

"No; the spigot's out. Some one has drawed off the water, and taken away the pistol."

"Whew!" Though written as a monosyllable, this word was prolonged, in Mr. Rutherford's lips, to a quite extraordinary extent, and his face wore a very serious expression as he uttered it. "The perleece have been at their little games," he murmured. "Well, let 'em. He must be out of harm's way by this time."

"*Who* must be out of harm's way?" inquired Sally, quickly.

"Never you mind," he answered, gruffly; "you've meddled enough already for one day. If you hadn't found that there pistol, the perleece would not have found it. Can't you leave things alone? Let's have supper, will you? If you say another word about the pistol or Master Matthew, I'm off to the 'Rising Sun.'"

There was nothing Mrs. Rutherford disliked more than her husband leaving her for the public-house, and just now, of all times, it was terrible to her to have him out of her sight; so she proceeded to lay the supper table without a word. She now felt certain that he had compromised himself in the Moore Street affair, but no longer feared that he had done harm to Mr. Helston. He had said that that pistol was bought not to harm him, but "quite the contrary." Now "quite the contrary" could only mean to help him—to further some scheme of Mr. Helston's own. Moreover, to whom could he have referred but to Mr. Helston when he had muttered to himself, 'He must be out of harm's way by this time?" Her husband was no murderer, and perhaps no thief in any personal sense, but she knew how strong were his likes and dislikes, his notions of sticking to his friends, and never betraying them. And in spite of herself, she now entertained a dreadful apprehension that he had been playing into his friend's and employer's hands.

And thus of the faithful few that still believed in Matthew Helston's innocence as respected the Pargiter diamonds, one more had gone over, if not to the Enemy, to the Majority.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE POSTHUMOUS LETTER.

READER, has it ever fallen to your duty to open the desk of one very dear to you, and who is dead, and to suffer anew the parting with him at the sight of every "trivial fond record"? There is scarcely one of all the sad experiences to which human nature is heir more pathetic, more heartbreaking. His handwriting lies before you, with his thoughts still living in it, though the fingers that set them down are cold in death. Here is a faded flower, memorial of you know not what, but doubtless of some tender time; its blossom has withered, its stalk is dry, but it has not yet become dust as he has. There are letters from others, tied round with loving care, and doubtless intended to be read again by eyes to whom the page of Futurity alone is now open. Perhaps one of your own letters is among them: let us hope a kind one. How strangely has it altered to your view! It is no longer a mere vehicle of your own feelings, but has become a material link with the other world.

On such a bitter task, on Friday, December 18, exactly one week after her husband's disappearance, Mrs. Helston was engaged. She was not certain, it is true, that her Matthew was dead. She wore no outward mark of the widow about her—save in the wan cheek and the hollow eye—but her heart was almost as hopeless and forlorn as though she had been one. She had undertaken this sad office under the combined advice of Uncle Stephen and Mr. Barlow; not that they expected aught to come of it, but because it was just possible—in the absence of all other explanations of the enigma—that some clew to the mystery of this absence might be discovered among his own documents. The very suggestion, as they were well aware, had the elements of suspicion or disparagement about it; but that, as they foresaw, never entered into Sabey's mind. They had put it to her in this way: "It is possible, just possible, that Matthew has come to harm at the hand of some private enemy. So far as we know, it is true, he had none; nay, he himself may have been unaware of the existence of such a person; and yet it may be otherwise. We think that every private paper should be examined which may throw the least light upon his relations with other people."

At first Sabey showed great unwillingness to accede to this proposal. It seemed to her irreverent, she said, thus to pry into her lost husband's affairs, but her real reason was that the fact of her so doing seemed a tacit admission that he was lost to her forever. It could affect the fact, of course, neither one way nor the other, but the feeling well may be excused when we consider how many matter-of-fact and otherwise sensible persons object to make their wills. In the end, however, as we have said, she consented. One of the reasons that had weighed with her, in addition to the chief one, had been a certain argument of Mr. Barlow's:

"In your case," he had said, "dear Sabey, there need be no apprehension of any record coming to light to pain you. Matthew's life was stainless."

His use of the past tense made her lips quiver, but she only bowed her head. Of course Matthew's life had been stainless; but if she refused to do their bidding, they might think, perhaps, that she entertained suspicions to the contrary—an idea that would certainly not have entered her head a week ago; but now, with all the newspapers, and the world that read them, imputing evil to her husband, she had become sensitively jealous for his honor.

Matthew's desk was characteristic of its owner: a plain ink-stained affair, with no conveniences within it such as shelves and drawers, but fastened by a good lock of his own making; the very taking of the key from its bunch was a sore trial to her, and before putting it to its use she cleaned it with a piece of leather—lest it should be rusted with her tears, she said to herself, but in reality to gain time. The contents of the desk were also characteristic. They consisted almost entirely of mathematical calculations; row after row of figures, the meaning of which was utterly unknown to her, but which she guessed rightly had reference to "Madge." They were all beautifully written out, and every paper appeared to be arranged with reference to the others. But dear as had been his hopes in that direction, his heart—or at least the core of it—had lain elsewhere. Every letter—they were not many—she had ever written to him was found there, tied up in two packets. In one were those she had addressed to him as her lover, and dated from the Rectory; in the other the few she had had occasion, since their marriage, to write to him in Poulet Street—for they had never been separated by any longer distance.

"From dearest Sabey" was inscribed on the former, and on the latter, "From my darling wife." It was terrible that the assurance of Love should inflict such cruel pangs. She opened one or two of them: they had not, of course, the power to move her as Matthew's own letters—sacred relics, stored in her own chamber, which she had not had the courage to touch—would have done; but, nevertheless, in recalling the happy past, they shot sharp arrows into her heart. There was also a memorandum of the sums that had been expended by Mr. Durham in the promotion of Madge's interests, and a letter bound up with them by a plain India rubber band, but sealed, addressed, "For Uncle Stephen, in case anything should happen to me."

A strange addition under the circumstances enough, but which did not strike Sabey with much significance. She knew how deeply Matthew had felt his uncle's kindness, and she could easily conceive that gratitude had caused him to make this simple proviso for expressing itself to the good old man in case opportunity should be otherwise denied him. The letter probably also bequeathed his wife and child to his uncle's care, albeit that might have seemed superfluous. To one who had known Matthew Helston less thoroughly his leaving such a document behind him would have looked like a morbid presentiment of death, but to Sabey the incident was easily accountable.

Matthew had a horror of "risks." Because Fortune, perhaps, had gone so ill with him, he had an objection to leave anything to chance; nor would he trust to the most natural contingencies, if it was possible for him to make a thing secure without them. And, moreover, he was always looking to the future. It was therefore without any foreboding as to its contents that Sabey took the letter from its receptacle, and having wiped her tears, carried it into the next room, where Amy and Mr. Durham were sitting.

"Well, darling?" inquired the former, tenderly: she had left her sister to her sad task alone from motives of delicacy, but she read in her face how she had suffered in the ordeal. "Have you found anything?"

Sabey shook her head. "Only what I knew I should find. There is, however, this note for you, Uncle Stephen."

"For me?" said the old man, reading the superscription, "'*For Uncle Stephen, in case anything should happen to me.*'"

"How strange!" exclaimed Amy, with excitement.

Mr. Durham was excited too, and being aware of the fact, he purposely delayed to open the envelope. He felt that presence of mind was necessary in case anything had to be concealed from Sabey.

"I can guess its contents," said she, softly. "Matthew wishes to express to you in writing the thanks you would never listen to from his lips. The note was wrapped up with some memoranda of his money obligations to you. These he might have paid, had the chance been given him: his debt of gratitude never."

"Poor fellow! dear fellow!" murmured Uncle Stephen. "Yes; it is as you say. To his generous nature every little kindness loomed so large."

Sabey could read what had been written to her husband's disparagement; such things turned her heart to steel. But she could not bear to hear him praised; that melted it. With a deep sob she hurried from the room.

Amy was too wise to follow her immediately; and, besides, something in the old man's manner had attracted her attention.

"Can I see that letter, Mr. Durham?"

"I had rather not show it you, my dear," he answered, quietly.

"If it really only contains dear Matthew's expression of his gratitude to you, I can picture it for myself. I know how he loved you."

"It does contain something else, Amy. But it is only a matter of business."

Then Amy gathered up her work, and withdrew to comfort Sabey.

Left alone, Mr. Durham took the letter from his pocket, and re-read it very carefully:

"My dear uncle Stephen," it began. "In case I should not live so long as the tables of the Phœnix [this was his life-assurance company] have calculated, and you should survive me, I wish to add one more item to the long debt of gratitude I owe you. The sense of obligation, like other senses, is, I suppose, blunted by long use, or surely I should feel ashamed at asking any further favor of you. That the service I am about to ask of you must be a secret one—even from my wife, and, indeed, especially from her—will be an additional reason for your undertaking it, for it is your delight, I know, to let your right hand know not what your left hand does for others; it is also a matter of great delicacy, which will further recommend it to your noble nature. When I add that I entreat this kindness of you with my last breath, I feel that I need say no more.

"Please to pay to Lucy Matlock, a young woman at present residing at 80 Bleak Street, Bloomsbury, the sum of 10*s.* *weekly*, and, if possible, insure the continuance of this allowance after your death. I have only one other favor to ask of you, that, for my sake, you will not seek to inquire into her story. I am, dear Uncle Stephen, your loving and grateful nephew,

"MATTHEW HELSTON."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FARMING IN PORTUGAL.

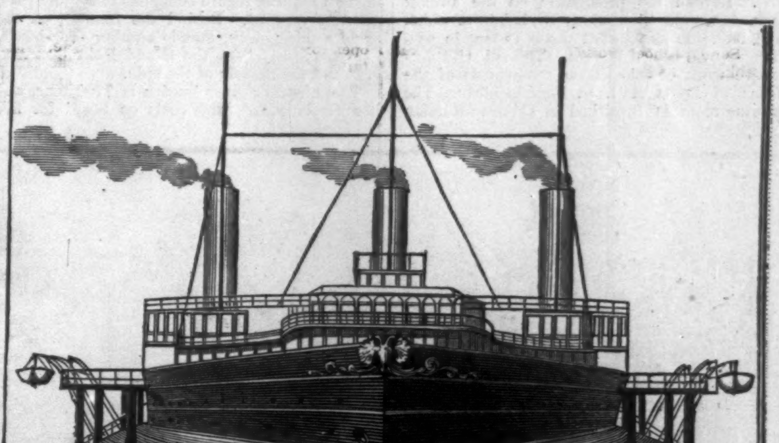
WITH a single exception, the Portuguese system of farming has hardly altered in any respect since they were liable at any moment to be called from their labors to repel the raids of their fierce neighbors beyond the Spanish frontier. That important exception is the introduction of maize, which, happening to suit both the soil and the climate, has materially increased the value of their produce. As for the implements of husbandry in common use, there can be nothing in the country more interesting to the antiquarian, not even excepting the Roman remains which have here and there rewarded the investigations of archæologists. In fact, the ploughs, harrows, and carts have been handed down almost unaltered from generation to generation since they were brought from Italy by the military colonists who followed the imperial eagles. So, by-the-way, the grape-growing, and the making of the wine beyond the limits of the famous districts on the Douro, are almost a repetition of processes in use in Latium when Horace used to amuse himself with his Sabine farming. The plough has but a single stilt, and neither coulter nor mould-board.

The harrow is also of the rudest construction, having fifteen to twenty teeth of iron or wood set quincunx fashion into a strong oblong square wooden frame-work with two cross-bars. Rollers are unknown; but as a substitute the harrow can be reversed and weighted with stones, and then drawn sledgewise over the land.

As for the cart, it creaks and groans on wheels of solid wood, without either spoke or iron tire, which are attached to the axle that painfully revolves with them. The "slow-moving wain" is dragged by sluggish oxen, yoked by the neck, and sometimes by the horns.

The conspicuous feature of Portuguese farming is the small capital with which it may be profitably carried on. The husbandman dispenses with drainage, for the soil being light and porous, the rain-fall runs off only too quickly. Though he raises cattle, he spends nothing on oil-cake, the animals, which are stall-fed for the most part, seeming to fatten kindly upon straw. As for the sheep, they are driven out to the hill pastures; and the pig, though as popular in the kitchen and on the table as it is politely ignored in respectable society, leaves much to desire in point of breeding. But if the bones are big and the bristles coarse, that is of the less consequence that the pork is reserved for home consumption. When the Portuguese does spend some money, it is on indispensable irrigation-works, and these are simple. He leads the water on to his land through adits driven into the springs in the hills, or pumps it up in the circle of buckets attached to the primitive wheel. In most of the more level low-country districts maize is the staple article of growth, being often mixed in the sowing with some other cereal or vegetable.

The chief secret of the farmer's easy prosperity is in his being able to set the rules of rotation at defiance. Year after year, in the summer heats, the same land may be sown with the remunerative maize. He manages this upon shallow soil that is naturally the reverse of rich, by the use of two "simples," to borrow the phrase of the blacksmith who interviewed Sir Walter Scott when the poet visited Flodden Field; and these simples, in his case, are water and home-made manure. The fertilizing effects of water on friable soil under a semi-tropical sun are extraordinary, and the land is enriched by a manner of manuring altogether peculiar to Portugal. The straw is almost entirely used for cattle food. The litter is supplied by dried gorse, heather, and the various wild plants, such as bracken, cistus, rock-rose, bent-grass, and wild vetches, which usually grow in their company. Most farmers have a patch of wild forest land in the neighborhood; in other cases they have rights of cutting. The decaying manure made from that litter is extraordinarily potent, thanks to the power of the twigs and stems in absorbing gases and moisture, while the economy of a plan is self-evident by which all the straw grown on the land is returned to it.



THE "LIVADIA."

THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL STEAM-YACHT.

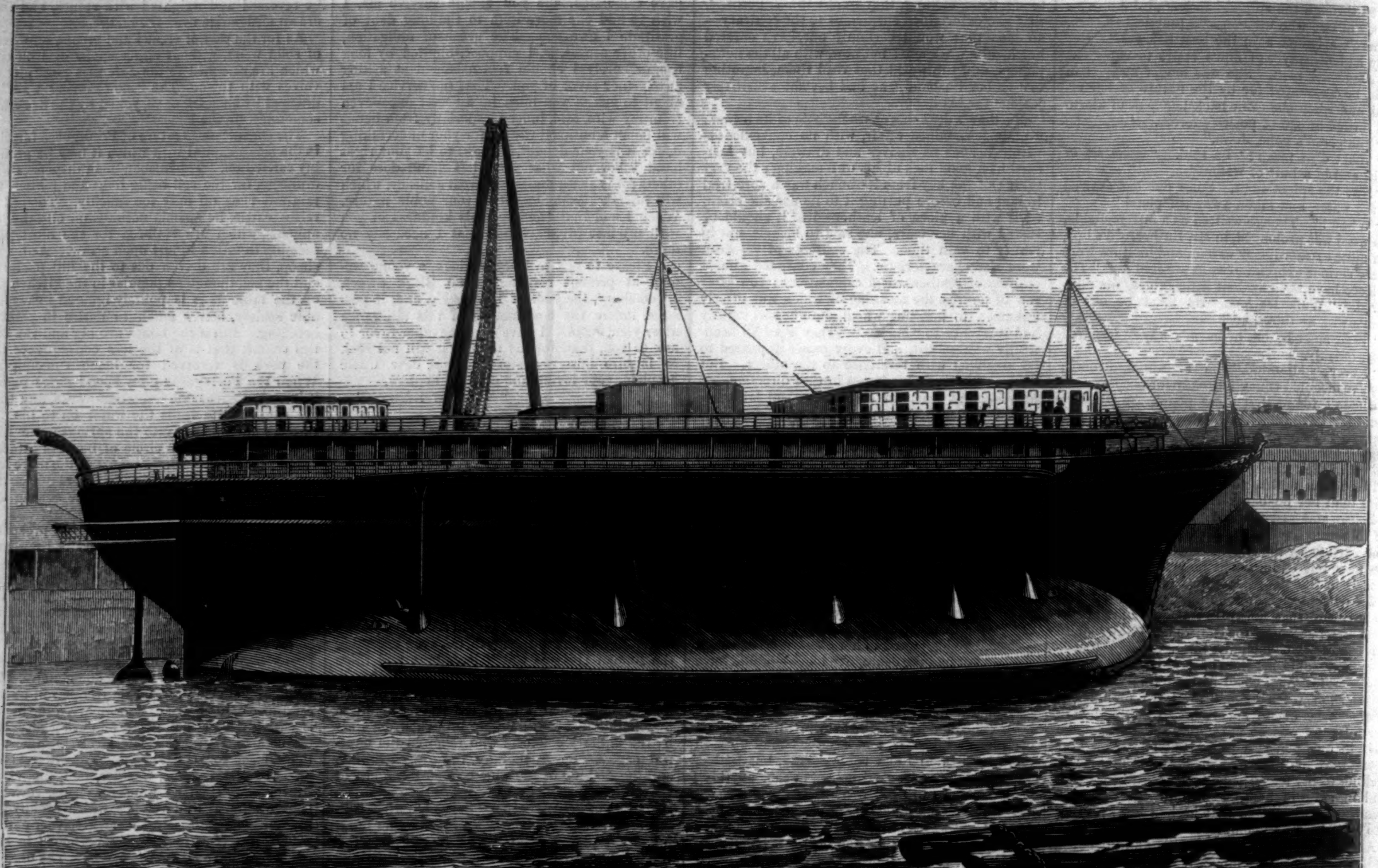
AN extraordinary novelty in ship-building was recently launched at the building yard of Messrs. JOHN ELDER & Co., Govan, on the Clyde, just below Glasgow. This was the great new steam-yacht *Livadia*, constructed for the Emperor ALEXANDER II. of Russia, to take the place of an imperial yacht of the same name which was wrecked a year or two since in the Black Sea.

The shape of the *Livadia*, of which we give a picture on page 540, is quite unlike any vessel that ever went to sea. Her hull is something between oval and rhomboid, or rather in the shape of a turbot; at the widest part the breadth is 153 feet—more than three-fifths of the length, which is 235 feet. There is a pointed bow or beak, and an obtusely pointed stern. The depth of the fish-like raft in the centre is 18 feet, and the water-line is only 6 feet above the lowest point. At the stern a small depression, making a draught of 16 feet in all, is made, to give the screws water to work in. There is no free-board, and stability is given by breadth and weight. There are three keels, one in the centre, the others placed 18 feet to right and left of the central keel. The bottom has a flat area of 14,500 square feet. At the edges the surface trends out and upward, all round the ship, toward the water-line. But as soon as the ordinary water-line is reached a change is made in the direction of the curves. The outward slope is succeeded by a slope inward, which continues till the perpendicular depth of 20 feet has been given to the substructure. It gradually rises to this all round. In the middle of the back of the fish there is a wide flat space of about 15,000 square feet. This supports a floating marine palace, which rises 40 feet above the water. The turbot-like lower portion of the vessel is built of steel, with a double bottom, the height of which is not less than 3 feet 6 inches in the centre. The double bottom is divided into forty water-tight compartments, throughout the flat portion. At the sides it is superseded by the cells formed by running two vertical bulk-heads round the ship, subdividing the space between the middle and the outside skin into forty other compartments. These side cells, formed of continuous bulk-heads, and covered by the plating of the rounded deck, present a very rigid, continuous, annular structure, which has its lower points tied together by the radial girders, forming the bracket framing of the bottom, and by the heavy beams of the rounded deck, also radial, at the top. Thus the lower portion of the vessel is made strong enough to withstand the roughest seas.

The turbot-like lower part of the vessel contains machinery, coals, and stores of all kinds. The steel superstructure, in its main portion, contains accommodation for the crew forward and the officers aft, while the palace above its deck includes the imperial apartments and the cabins for the suite.

Around the deck of the main superstructure, outside the palace erected upon this deck, runs a continuous gallery, which is used for stowing anchors, mooring the vessel, hoisting up boats, steam-launches, and a small steam-yacht carried on the davits, supported by bridges projecting outward. The roof of the palace is carried to the same width as the main superstructure, over the gallery, shading from sun or rain the lower story of the palace, and widening the open promenade above.

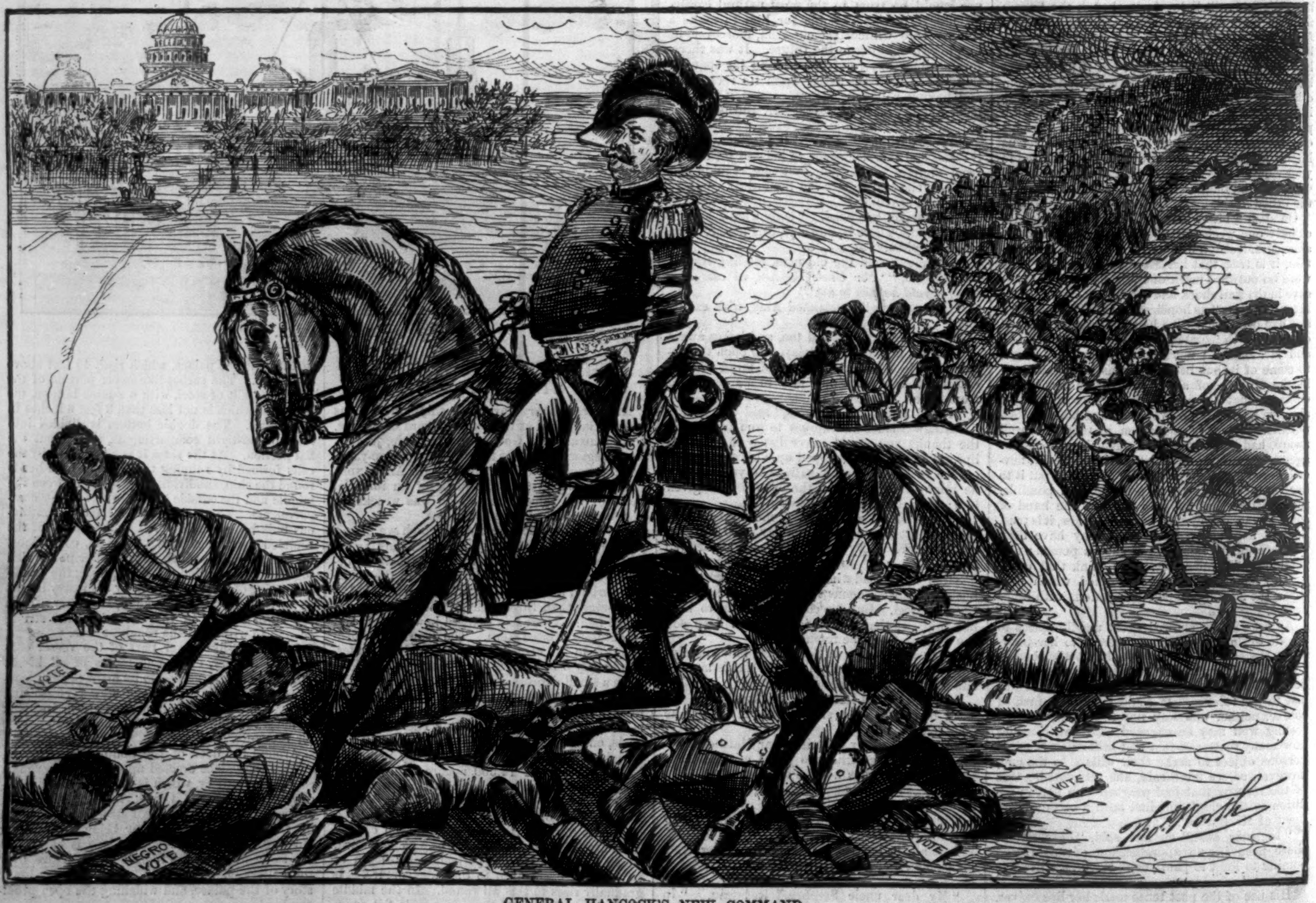
The apartments for the Emperor and the suite



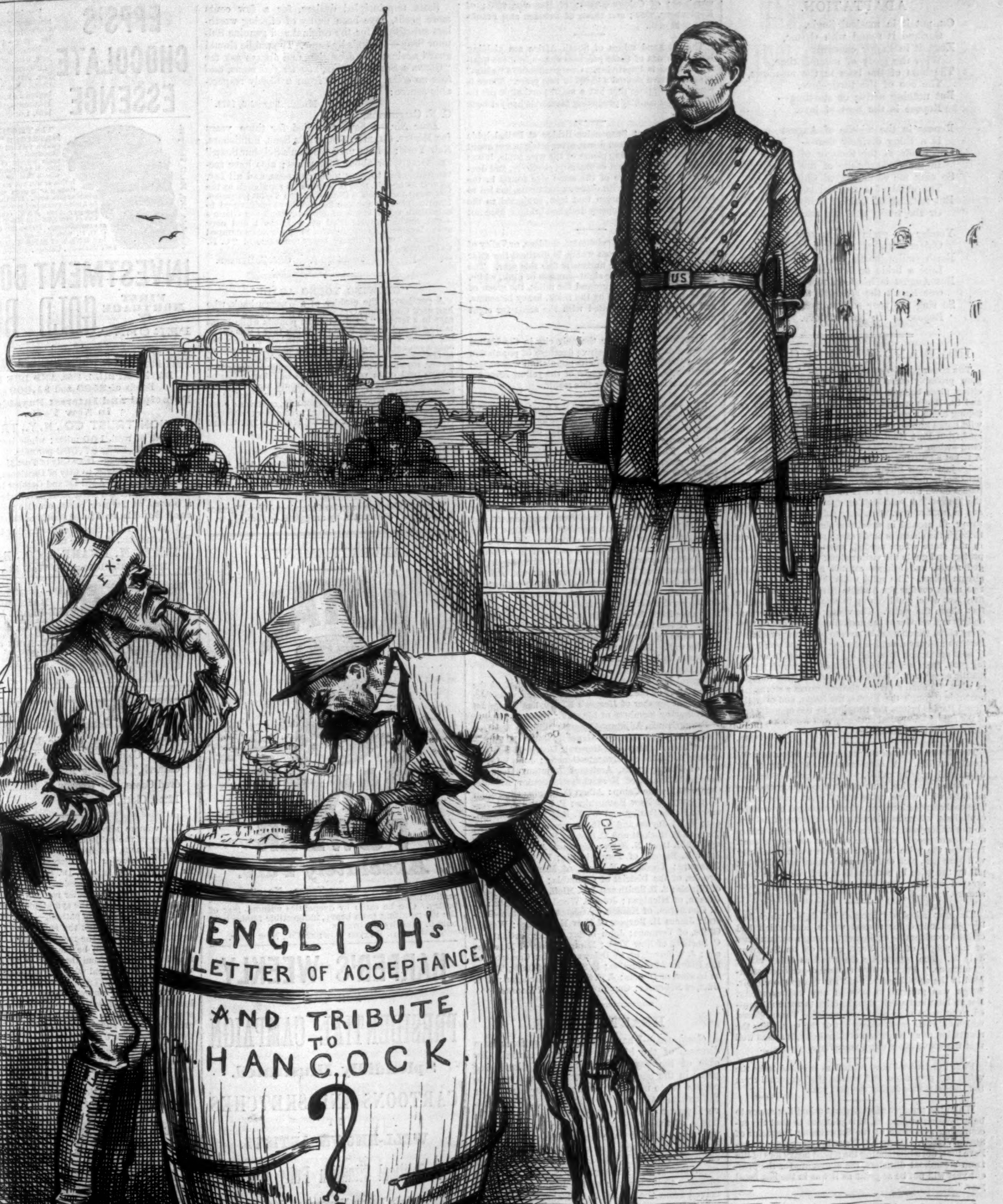
THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL STEAM-YACHT "LIVADIA."

might compare with those in some palaces on land. Beyond the promenade, on the awning deck, rises a reception saloon, the height of which is 12 feet. In its forward part is a fountain, surrounded by a bed of flowers. The splendid decorative work of this saloon reminds us of the rooms of Louis XVI. at Fontainebleau. The drawing-room is furnished in Crimean-Russian style, while other rooms are of a simple kind of modern English, regard being had to obtaining the greatest comfort. Behind the funnels, on the same awning deck, stands another deck-house, including rooms for the Grand Duke Constantine and the captain of the ship.

The *Livadia's* gross burden is 7700 tons, and her displacement, with coals on board for five days, is 3920 tons, while her tonnage, according to yacht measurement, is no less than 11,600 tons. The vessel has three screw-propellers, driven by three sets of engines, each having three cylinders, the diameters of which are, for the high pressure 60 inches, and for the low pressure 78 inches, with a stroke of 3 feet 3 inches. The propellers themselves are of manganese bronze, each 16 feet in diameter, placed 18 feet apart, each driven by its own engine. The aggregate indicated horse-power is 10,500, and the vessel is expected to make fourteen knots an hour. She will be manned by a crew of 260 men. The yacht will carry three swift steam-launches, two lifeboats suspended at the edge of the raft, and other boats—eleven in all.



GENERAL HANCOCK'S NEW COMMAND.


EX.
US
CLAIM
ENGLISH's LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.
AND TRIBUTE TO HANCOCK.
?
FOR GEN. HANCOCK.
GOVERNO N.Y.H.
Th. Nast.

HARD (*UP*) MONEY CAMPAIGN.

"Hang it, General, it's only Soft Soap!"

ADAPTATION.

OH, put it in musical jingle,
  Garland it round with rhyme,
Keep it in happy concord
  With the glory of summer-time,
The hum of the bees in the meadows,
  The coo of the turtle-dove,
But nothing active or startling—
  Repose is the best of love.

Repose in the middle of August
  Is a thing divinely dear—
One scoffs at the thought of motion
  In the furnace-time of the year;
So sing me of dark-eyed Chloe,
  The child of a tropical sun,
But nothing of Chloe's tempers,
  Or the tricks that the maid has done.

Yonder the grain and grasses
  Quiver with pure delight;
Earth smiles 'neath the touch of Phœbus,
  Like a bride on her marriage night.
But August is hard on mortals;
  One hasn't the strength to move;
So sing me your softest measures—
  Repose is the best of love.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE larger portion of visitors to the Adirondack region probably enter by Plattsburg and Port Kent, either place being a natural gateway to the Saranac and St. Regis waters, where at present fashion and fishing blend together. Every one lingers to visit the wild gorge known as Ausable Chasm—three miles inland from Port Kent, and about twelve from Plattsburg—when the Ausable River is low enough to ford. A ticket admitting to the chasm is purchased at the lodge just below Birmingham Falls (which have a perpendicular descent of seventy feet), and the visitor passes down through a cleft in the rock, 166 steps, to the bottom. A wild-looking spot: water-falls above and in front of you, while lofty columns of rifted rock tower all around in wondrous shapes. The passage through the chasm is made easy; steps have been cut in the stone where needed, substantial iron railings protect and guide the visitor along the steep and rugged rocks, and bridges stretch across the dashing stream below. The solid walls that here for nearly two miles confine the Ausable River are from ten to fifty feet wide, and loom up in some places a hundred feet above the water. The visitor gazes in alternate delight and wonder at the marvellous net-work of towering cliffs, which must be seen to be fully appreciated. Perhaps midway a sudden shower falls, and you hastily seek protection from the big drops beneath a shelving rock, from which secure retreat you watch the romantic scene, not, however, without a flitting thought of what you shall do if the shower proves a storm. A boat-ride through the Flume, the Basin, and over the Grand Rapids brings the traveller to the opposite end of the chasm—a natural curiosity well worth a visit by every one in the vicinity.

The Boston *Journal* very truly says: "Coal is a necessity of life. A combination, an arrangement, whatever it may be called, to reduce production, and so increase the price, is an attack upon the pockets of millions with whom cents are of great consequence. The coal corporations, owned and managed by wealthy capitalists, whose minds run upon millions of dollars, do not understand the force of economy which makes millions of people know the value of one single cent. Increase the price beyond a certain point, and they will burn less, pick over the ashes more carefully; but put up the price by combination, and you have them arrayed against you, and, with them, larger consumers."

The long talked of "Spanish bull-fight," which had been announced for several weeks, and which had created considerable excitement among a certain class of the people of New York, came off on Saturday, July 31. The results are described as being rather "ludicrous." Four or five thousand persons assembled in the amphitheatre built for the purpose. Mr. Bergh was present to prevent any undue cruelty. For an hour and a half eight Spanish torreros attempted to provoke nine mild-eyed, amiable Texan steers, which did their best to keep out of the way. For the reputation of an American civilized city, it seems well that the whole affair was a mere farce.

Four hundred millions of dollars is stated to be the value of "provisions and breadstuffs" exported from the United States during the past year.

While the number of steamboat calamities seems to be increasing around us, it is pleasant to read the encouraging assurance of the Supervising Inspector of Steam-Vessels. He says, "There is every reason to believe that, notwithstanding the recent heavy loss of life from steamboat disasters, the aggregate for the present year will not be as great as it was in the last fiscal year."

It appears from documents recently published that better provision is now made in Germany and France than exists in England for the relief of the victims of disastrous accidents in mines, on railways, and in factories. It is to be hoped that improved laws relating to this subject will soon be enacted both in England and in our own country.

The introduction of steel into ship-building is causing such a large and important trade in steel plates that the Sheffield manufacturers are introducing improved machinery in the large mills in order to supply the demand.

The British Museum contains the oldest specimen of pure glass which bears any date. This is a little lion's head, having on it the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty. Thus it is shown that at a period at least B.C. 2000 years glass was made with a skill that indicates the art was not a new one.

The cotton-worm is said to be threatening great damage to the growing crop of cotton at the South. When it appears early in the year there are often three broods, and this danger appears imminent in the present season.

There are now in Germany, according to the *Chronique des Arts*, fifty-five fine-art societies. The principal one is that of Düsseldorf, which has, in round numbers, 6000 members. That of Munich has 5400 members; of Cologne, 2850; of Hanover, 2380; of Königsberg, 2350; and those of Dresden and Frankfort, 2000 each.

The diamond mines of South Africa are yielding large numbers of these precious stones, and the quality of them is improving. One gentleman's "claim" is said to have cleared £45,000 in two years. There is reason to suppose that but a small portion of the region of that country producing diamonds has yet been explored.

The Fairmount Suspension-Bridge at Philadelphia has recently been taken down, after being in use about forty years. On testing pieces of the wire cable, it was found to be fully equal in tenacity, elasticity, and ductility to the best wire of the same size found in the market. This fact, with other experiments, has led to the important conclusion that iron, subjected to the ordinary strains of properly designed bridges, does not deteriorate with age.

The rose crop in the celebrated Guldese, or Valley of Roses, in Roumelia, from which is distilled the attar of rose, promises to be unusually fine this year. The valley presents a unique sight—masses of pink, white, and crimson cover the ground for miles, the green of the leaves is obliterated by the thick, heavy blossoms, and the air is impregnated with the scent for eight miles.

Memphis is said to be the only city in the United States which shows a positive decrease of population during the decade. In 1870 its population was 40,226; now it is 33,200. The ravages of the yellow fever account in a large degree for this result.

Under the title "Postal Cats" the London *Telegraph* says "that certain Dutch naturalists have come to the sage conclusion that Grimalkin may be utilized as a letter-carrier with considerable advantage to public interests. These worthies propose to organize a service of post-cats, and are at present engaged, by a series of ingenious experiments, in testing pussy's capacities for delivering the mails. Selecting Luik for their head-quarters, they thence dispatch a number of cats, securely tied up in woollen bags, to the neighboring villages, where they are freed from confinement and turned loose, with neat packets of letters firmly strapped to their backs. At once their domestic instincts come into full play, and they swiftly flee homeward with unswerving directness. Of thirty-seven cats thus constrained to serve their country, not one has hitherto failed to fulfill its postal function with excellent punctuality. It is feared, however, that when a double service shall be arranged, difficulties and delays may arise from the meetings of post-cats on the high-road. If the feline postmen can be inspired with a high sense of duty, overriding personal impulse, all will be well. Failing this, we apprehend that irregularities in delivery will take place."

General Louis Wagner, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, whose portrait was given in a recent number of *Harper's Weekly*, has appointed the following members of his staff: Robert B. Beath, of Pennsylvania, Adjutant-General; William Ward, of New Jersey, Quartermaster-General; James R. Carnahan, of Indiana, Inspector-General; George B. Squires, of New York, Judge-Advocate-General; John W. Kester, of Pennsylvania, Assistant Adjutant-General; George S. Evans, of Massachusetts, Senior Aide-de-Camp. Aides-de-Camp: Albert D. Bingham and John W. Crosby, of New Hampshire; P. P. Pitkin, of Vermont; H. M. Durfey and W. F. Rogers, of Connecticut; W. D. Jaynes and A. B. Lawrence, of New York; Thomas P. Rockett and C. Stanley Sims, of New Jersey; F. H. Dyer, N. Ferree Lightner, A. G. Rapp, and John R. Bignell, of Pennsylvania; W. S. McNair, of Delaware; Theodore F. Lang, of Maryland; N. M. Brooks, of the District of Columbia; Edwin Winter, of Illinois; S. B. Smith and J. C. Michie, of Ohio; Isaac Gibson, of Michigan; John S. Wood, of Nebraska; F. A. Cimmeran, of Kansas. Assistant Inspectors-General: James H. Burpee, of New Hampshire; Warren Gibbs, of Vermont; John L. Sax, of Connecticut; L. C. Bartlett, of New York; Edmund May, of New Jersey; J. Wainwright, of Delaware; John Cameron, of the District of Columbia; E. S. Dodd, of Ohio; Thomas Lawlor, of Illinois; J. C. Smith, of Michigan; A. S. Burt, of Nebraska; George L. Brown, of Kansas.

HEART DISEASE.

Gentlemen,—I have been a great sufferer from diseases of the kidneys, liver, and chronic disease of the heart, accompanied by distressing pains in the back and head. So much so as to confine me to my bed; have been for years under the treatment of our best physicians. Your advertisement came to my notice, and I procured a bottle of the Constitution Water, and following your directions, I have been able to attend to business ever since, and at present I am in the enjoyment of my former health, and now use no other medicine. I assure you it gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefits I have received from the use of it, and cheerfully recommend it to all persons afflicted with the like diseases. Very truly, THOMAS BISHOP,
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HORSFORD'S Acid Phosphate restores enfeebled digestion, imparting vitality, and correcting the feeling of lassitude so common in midsummer.—[*Com.*]

SOME unprincipled dealers, for a few cents more profit, have been guilty of offering worthless substitutes for the original and genuine Sulphur Soap—GLENN'S by name. The public should guard against this deception, and always ask for "GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP," *by its full name, and take no other.* Evidence from a highly respectable source:

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—[*Com.*] Yours truly, C. T. Z. DURAND.

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A gentleman, the cashier of a Western bank, who had used Compound Oxygen for a little over a month, says in a letter: "I gained eight pounds while I was taking it, and almost began to think that I was growing young again. As I had no distinct ailment, *but only a general sense of good-for-nothingness accompanied by extreme nervousness and an inability to sleep long at a time*, my case is not so striking as many others which I have read of in your pamphlet; but there must be multitudes in my condition who would use your preparation gladly if they knew of it." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, which is sent free, contains a large amount of information in regard to this new treatment. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Phila.—[*Com.*]

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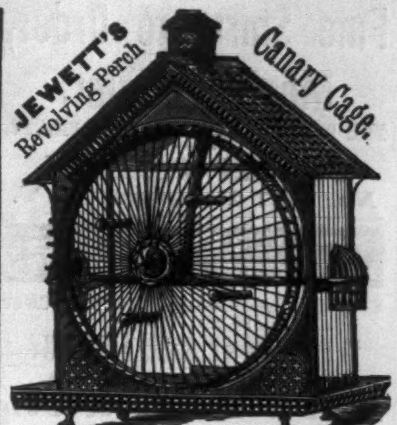

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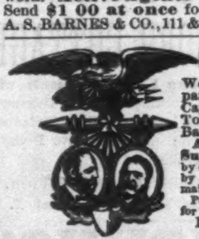

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